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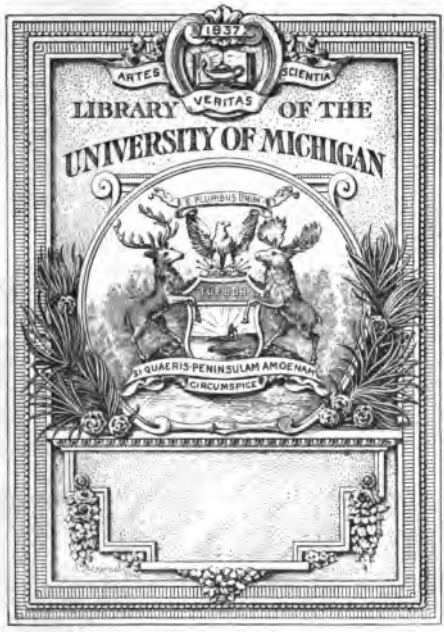
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WERNER'S

READINGS AND RECITATIONS

No. 17

FOR CHILDREN OF PRIMARY GRADES

By STANLEY SCHELL

PART I.	—RECITATIONS FOR BOYS	PAGES 9 TO 30
PART II.	—RECITATIONS FOR GIRLS	" 30 " 62
PART III.	—RECITATIONS FOR BOYS OR GIRLS	" 62 " 98
PART IV.	—DIALOGUES FOR BOYS	" 98 " 105
PART V.	—DIALOGUES FOR GIRLS	" 105 " 114
PART VI.	—DIALOGUES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS	" 114 " 148
PART VII.	—DRILLS, PANTOMIMES, ETC. . . .	" 148 " 181

— AND —

ILLUSTRATED STUDIES IN EXPRESSION

Fourth and Illustrated Edition

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
All Ending in "O".—A. F. Caldwell.	50
American Flag, The.—Lena E. Faulds.	83
American Flag, The.—Charles Sumner	99
Apples, The	114
Arithmetic Lesson, The.	31
At Bedtime	75
At Boarding-School.—Mary Chahoon	93
Aunty's Lesson.	137
Baby, The.—Elizabeth W. Townsend	18
Bamboozling Grandma.	17
Be a "Try" Boy	24
Beautiful Feet.	109
Benny's Questions	130
Better Whistle than Whine	101
Book of Thanks, The	124
Boy's Idea of Girls, A.—G. L. Durkee.	19
Boys Wanted	12
Brave Little Sister, The	116
Bug-a-Boo, The	108
Buttercup, Poppy, Forget-me-not.—Eugene Field	86
Butterfly and the Bee, The	123
Cakes and Pies.—Emeroy Hayward.	54
Captured Bumble-Bee, The.—Nellie Wood	26
Cat-Tails	65
Charlie Boy	10
Cherished Names.—Samuel Francis Smith.	80
Children's Vow, The.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.	113
Child's Good-bye to the Old Year, A.	90
Choosing Occupations.	55
Cob Houses, The.—Kate Putnam Osgood.	71
Daisy Drill.—Jean Halifax	148
Daughters of the Regiment Drill.—Mrs. A. G. Lewis.	153

PAGE.
Deadly Cup, The. 92
Delsarte Entertainment, A. 162
Delsartian Physical Drill.—Lizzie White. 177
Difference, The. 111
Dog's Confession, The.—Frederic E. Weatherly 87
Doll's Lullaby, The 32
Dolly's Wedding 48
Eastern Legend, An.—Grace Duffield Goodwin. 73
Edith's Complaints. 109
Flag Day.—Martha Burr Banks 27
Flowers' Sleep, The.—Annie Moore 163
For Decoration Day.—C. Phillips 70
Four-Year-Old, A 34
Fred's Experiment 25
Frightened Birds. 51
Frogs at School 57
Game of Tag, A 96
Gathering Grasses 56
Gentle Child, The. 46
Good-bye to Dolly 34
Good for Evil 15
Good Rule, A 97
Gossips, The 112
Gossips, The.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox. 132
Grandma That's Just Splendid, A.—Emma A. Opper. 66
Grandpapa.—Dinah C. Muloch 65
Hang Up the Baby's Stocking. 58
Hard to Please 120
Hard Word, A 96
Have You Planted a Tree?—Henry Abbey. 62
Helping Mamma 33
How Soap Was First Made 89
How to Make a Whistle 23
I Wonder 22
Johnny's Confession 122
Johnny's Lesson 40
Johnny's Opinion of Grandmothers 22
Jolly Old Saint Nicholas 74
Katy Didn't 123
Learn Everything You Can 91

PAGE.

Learning to Sew 30
Little Bluebeard 139
Little Boy's Argument, A 128
Little Boy's Reasons, A 19
Little Boy Who Ran Away, The.—Susan Teall Perry. 16
Little Brother 67
Little Dreamer, The 95
Little Girl's Wish, A.—Libbie C. Baer 35
Little Grocer That Failed, The 129
Little Mary and Her Birdie 107
Little Mothers, The.—May Floyd 105
Little Seamstress, The 39
Little Teacher, The.—Sophie E. Eastman. 38
Little Things. 87
Little Voices 136
Love Wins Love 120
May-Day 98
Memorial Day.—Samuel Francis Smith 77
Merry Autumn Days.—Charles Dickens 13
Mimicking Others 77
Mother's Hired Man.—F. M. Baker 23
Mother's Way 117
Mud Cakes.—Ethel E. Sleeper. 51
My Composition about Pins 29
My Grandpa 20
Naughty Little Fred 49
Naughty Words 100
Nellie's Decorations.—Winifred Davis 45
New Moon, The.—Mrs. Follen 84
Noble Answer, A 98
Nursery Rhymes Drill.—Mary L. Gaddess 159
Obedience 66
Obeying Pleasantly 121
Old Doll to the New One, The.—Felix Leigh 59
Old Rat's Tale, An 97
Orders Not to Go 104
Our Baby 69
Our Flag 15
Our Flag.—Henry Ward Beecher 25
Our Flag Is There 26

PAGE.

Our Garden.—Juliana Horatia Ewing 60
Pantomime of "Lead, Kindly Light."—Lucy Jenkins 157
Philosopher and the Ferryman, The 101
Piggy and the Crows 95
Playing School 127
Please Do Not Speak So 135
Precious Lives.—Samuel Francis Smith 78
Price of Truth, The 71
Proving the Question 102
Quarrel of the Flowers, The 146
Rag Babies 44
Rainbow Drill.—C. H. Sherman 167
Rosebud's First Ball 41
Santa Claus's Reception.—Jean Halifax 170
Schoolroom I Love the Best, The.—Katherine Lee Bates 90
School-Time 81
September 68
September.—Adelaide V. Finch 97
Sick Kitty, The 125
Sky Is a Drinking-Cup, The.—Richard Henry Stoddard 94
Sleigh-Ride, The 79
Small Beginnings.—Charles Mackay 63
Small Things 73
So Little 94
Song of the Wind 85
Spring Has Come, The.—Oliver Wendell Holmes 42
Spring Is Coming 80
Sun and the Violet, The.—Amelie V. Petit 56
Surprise, The.—Ida Fay 138
Sweet Answer, A 115
Tableaux Vivants.—John Ford 165
Take Courage 64
Teaching Dolly to Walk 47
Temperance Alphabet 82
There's a Boy in the House 47
There Was a Little Boy 92
Till Christmas 112
Tommy's Essay on Breath 11
Too Big to Be Rocked.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox 14
Troublesome Caller, A 87

PAGE.

True Manliness 29
Two Runaways, The.—Mary Edwards 142
Very Little Boy, A 11
Violet's Victory, The.—Dixie Wolcott 168
Voice of the Grass, The 89
Voice, The 110
Washington.—W. W. Caldwell 82
Way to Speak a Piece, The 52
We Can Do So Little.—George Du Maurier 68
Wee-Waw Land, The.—H. T. Hollands 76
What a Little Girl Can Do 33
What I Would Be.—D. A. Heywood 103
What the Clock Says 75
What Tommy Dislikes 13
When I Am a Man 21
When I Am a Man.—Nellie R. Cramer 24
When Jimmy Comes from School.—James Newton Matthews . . 28
When Mamma Was a Little Girl 38
White Kitten, The.—Marian Douglas 43
Who Made the Speech? 53
Why Do They Ever Begin? 126
Wilful Little Mouse, The 72
Will.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox 84
Willie's Breeches.—Etty G. Saulsbury 21
Will's Desire.—Mary Pettus Thomas 9
Winifred Waters 88
Work and Play 78

INDEX TO AUTHORS.

	PAGE.
Abbey, Henry	62
Baer, Libbie C	35
Baker, F. M.	23
Banks, Martha Burr	27
Bates, Katherine Lee.	90
Beecher, Henry Ward	25
Caldwell, A. F.	50
Caldwell, W. W.	82
Chahoon, Mary	93
Chilton, Mrs. William Calvin.	132
Cramer, Nelly R.	24
Davis, Winifred	45
Dickens, Charles	13
Douglas, Marian	43
Du Maurier, George	68
Durkee, G. L.	19
Eastman, Sophie E.	38
Edwards, Mary	142
Ewing, Juliana Horatia	60
Faulds, Lena E.	83
Fay, Ida	138
Field, Eugene	86
Finch, Adelaide V.	97
Floyd, May	105
Follen, Mrs.	84
Ford, John	165
Gaddess, Mary L.	159
Goodwin, Grace Duffield	73
Halifax, Jean	148, 170
Hayward, Emeroy	54
Heywood, D. A.	103
Hollands, H. T.	76

PAGE.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell 42
Jenkins, Lucy 157
Leigh, Felix 59
Lewis, Mrs. A. G. 153
Mackay, Charles 63
Matthews, James Newton 28
Moore, Annie 163
Muloch, Dinah C. 65
Opper, Emma A. 66
Osgood, Kate Putnam 71
Perry, Susan Teall 16
Petit, Amelie V. 56
Phillips, C. 70
Saulsbury, Etty G. 21
Sherman, C. H. 167
Sleeper, Ethel E. 51
Smith, Samuel Francis 77, 78, 80
Stoddard, Richard Henry 94
Sumner, Charles 99
Thomas, Mary Pettus 9
Townsend, Elizabeth W. 18
Weatherly, Frederic E. 87
White, Lizzie 177
Wilcox, Ella Wheeler 14, 84, 118, 132
Wolcott, Dixie 168
Wood, Nellie 26

LISTENING.
"Hark, I hear the crickets sing."

"Ye must be born again!" The solemn voice,
The straight glance at him, left to Will no choice.
Listen he must. "Could I have a good time
I should like it," he thought. "No trees to climb,
To gather peaches for comp'ny to eat,
And then be scolded if I scratch my feet
Or tear my breeches; to work no flowers,
Nor keep little chickens out of showers;

"Never hunt up horses, nor go to mill,
Nor drive the cows over that steep, hot hill;
Nor to cut wood, nor to draw any water,—
Be cared for always like 'little daughter;'
Never a whipping,—instead, a caress—
How happy I should be if I were Bess!
So, I'll ask the Lord this very morn
To make me a girl next time I am born."

CHARLIE BOY.

OH, look at my hat,
How nicely it suits!
Oh, look at my feet,
I've got on new boots!

My boots they are stiff,
My boots, they are tall,
And they hold me up straight,
So I can not fall.

I'll do mother's errands
As well as I can;
I've got on new boots,
And so I'm a man.

TOMMY'S ESSAY ON BREATH.

BREATH is what we breathe. If we didn't have breath we couldn't breathe, and if we didn't breathe we wouldn't have any breath. You will often hear people say that they were out of breath, or that they were breathless. It's only the unthinking people who speak so—usually women. If a person once runs out of breath that person ain't going to tell many people about it. When you get out of breath you can't send to the grocer for two bits worth, like you can if you get out of spuds, or something like that. I heard ma ask pa where he got his breath the other night, and pa said he got it down to the corner; but I know that pa only meant that he got flavoring for his breath at the corner.

It's a cold day when we see our breath. Usually we can not see our breath, but we know it's there. If it weren't there, we wouldn't know anything about it. Everybody has breath. A person doesn't have to see breath to know that other people have breath; 'cause what the eyes don't see the nose doesn't grieve after in a great many cases. That's all I've got to say about breath.

A VERY LITTLE BOY.

THOUGH I am only six years old,
And fond of play and fun,
There's many a naughty thing I do
That I should leave undone.

And when the wrong is done, oh, then
'Tis worse by half to try
To cover up the wicked thing
With a more wicked lie.

But having told the truth, and been
As sorry as could be,
I somehow feel within my heart
As if God pitied me,

And whispered softly, "Darling child,
When tempted to do wrong,
Lift up thy little heart to me,
And I will make thee strong."

BOYS WANTED.

"WANTED—a boy." How often we
These very common words may see.
Wanted—a boy to errands run,
Wanted for everything under the sun.
All that the men to-day can do
To-morrow the boys will be doing, too,
For the time is coming when
The boys must stand in place of men.

Wanted! The world wants boys to-day,
And she offers them all she has for pay—
Honor, wealth, position, fame,
A useful life and a deathless name;
Boys to forward the tasks begun,
For the world's great task is never done.

The world is anxious to employ
Not just one, but every boy
Whose heart and hands will e'er be true
To work his hands shall find to do;
Honest, faithful, earnest, kind,
To good awake, to evil blind,
Heart of gold without alloy.
Wanted—the world wants such a boy.

MERRY AUTUMN DAYS.

CHARLES DICKENS.

I HAIL the merry autumn days,
When leaves are turning red;
Because they're far more beautiful,
Than anyone has said;
We hail the merry harvest-time,
The gayest of the year;
The time of rich and bounteous crops,
Rejoicing and good cheer.

'Tis pleasant on a fine spring morn,
To see the buds expand,
'Tis pleasant in the summer-time,
To see the fruitful land;
'Tis pleasant on a winter's night,
To sit around the blaze;—
But what are joys like these, my boys,
To merry autumn days?

WHAT TOMMY DISLIKES.

I'M six years old, every day of it. My name is Thomas, but everybody calls me Tommy except papa, when I forget to shut the door, or speak up when nobody wants to hear me, or ask for another piece of cake when I've had one, or some other bad thing, then he says "Thomas!" out full.

I know I'm a very stupid boy, but that's no reason why I should like to hear all the time about boys who are smarter than I am. I get so sick of hearing mamma say: "Here's our Tommy, really and truly he doesn't know more than three

of his letters, and he's past six," and then mamma looks hard at me. Mamma also says: "Jimmie Jones and Amy Patson, who are only five-and-a-half years old, can read." Well let them read! Who cares? I don't believe they can make a kite, or mend a steam-engine when it is broken, and I can do that, and that's enough to know about.

TOO BIG TO BE ROCKED.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"YOU are too big a child to be rocked," she said.
"You must go off to bed like your brothers."
I knew it was so, but alas! the woe
Of being thought "one of the others."
For I was the youngest, and oh! the joy
There had been in that nightly rocking,
Tho' I oft overheard, when the critics averred,
That my infantile ways were shocking.

But little I cared what the whole wide world
And all its relations were saying,
While my mother sat there, with me in the chair,
Backward and forward swaying.
I drew up my feet lest they touch the floor,
I tried to look small as may be,
For I prized the delights of those rockaby nights,
Which only belong "to the baby."

And now like a thunderbolt out of the sky
My mother's words woke me from dreaming,
I must go off to bed "like the others," she said,
And give up this halcyon dreaming.
I was too big and heavy to lie and be rocked
In arms that with work were weary,
It was all quite true, as I very well knew,
Yet oh! but the world seemed dreary.

Ah! many a sorrow and pain since then
Has stood as my heart-door knocking,
But that was a grief without balm or relief,
To know I was done with the rocking.
I went off to bed with a grown-up air,
I knew it was justice only.
I had held my sway for a long, long day,
But now—it was lonely, lonely.

OUR FLAG.

[Flag in hand; raise it as you speak.]

THIS is our flag, and may it wave,
High over land and sea;
Though others have a different flag
This is the flag for me. [*Wave it.*]

GOOD FOR EVIL.

NOW that I have a new sled, what shall I do with the old one? [*Puzzled expression on face; suddenly a thought strikes him.*] There's a chance to do something—real good, too. What is the use talking so much about doing a thing and never doing it? [*Stops and looks as if thinking deeply.*] Well, if there is any boy in the world that I hate, that boy is Sim Tyson. He is always plaguing and teasing me and all the other little boys, either taking our things from us or pretending that he is going to. It never does any good to get cross, for that is just what he likes. But better even than this, Sim does like a sled, and—well, may be it's foolish, but I've half a notion to give that old sled to him. It might make him think and so do him good. [*He goes out and returns.*] Well, I gave him the sled and he looked pleased beyond everything, and just as I was coming away he called to me and said: "Charley, I'll never be mean to you and the other boys again."

THE LITTLE BOY WHO RAN AWAY.

SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

"I'M going now to run away,"
Said little Sammie Greer one day.
"Then I can do just what I choose.
I'll never have to black my shoes.
Or wash my face or comb my hair,
I'll find a place, I know, somewhere;
And never have again to fill
That old chip-basket,—so I will.

"Good-bye, mamma," he said, "good-bye."
He thought his mother then would cry.
She only said: "You going, dear?"
And did not shed one single tear.
"There, now," said Sammie Greer, "I know
She does not care if I do go;
But Bridget does. She'll have to fill
That old chip-basket, so she will."

But Bridget only said: "Well, boy,
You off for sure? I wish you joy."
And Sammie's little sister, Kate,
Who swung upon the garden gate,
Said anxiously as he passed through:
"To-night whatever will you do
When you can't get some 'lasses spread
At supper-time on top of bread?"

One block from home, and Sammie Greer's
Weak little heart was full of fears.
He thought about Red Riding Hood;
The wolf that met her in the wood;
The bean-stalk boy who kept so mum
When he heard the giant's "Fee-fo-fum;"

And when he saw a policeman,
He turned and quickly homeward ran.

Soon in the alley-way he sped,
And crawled in through the old wood-shed.
The big chip-basket he did fill;
He blacked his shoes up with a will;
He washed his face and combed his hair;
He went up to his mother's chair
And kissed her twice, and then he said:
"I'd like some 'lasses top of bread."

BAMBOOZLING GRANDMA.

"THERE never was a grandma half so good!"
He whispered, while beside her chair he stood,
And laid his rosy cheek,
With manner very meek,
Against her dear old face in loving mood.

"There never was a nicer grandma born.
I know some little boys must be forlorn
Because they've none like you.
I wonder what I'd do
Without a grandma's kisses night and morn?

"There never was a dearer grandma—there!"
He kissed her and he smoothed her snow-white hair,
Then fixed her ruffled cap,
And nestled in her lap,
While grandma, smiling, rocked her old arm-chair.

"When I'm a man, what lots to you I'll bring:
A horse and carriage and a watch and ring,—
All grandmas are so nice!"
(Just here he kissed her twice.)
"And grandmas give a boy 'most anything."

Before his dear old grandma could reply,
This boy looked up, and, with a roguish eye,
Then whispered in her ear
That nobody might hear,
"Say, grandma, have you any more mince pie?"

THE BABY.

ELIZABETH W. TOWNSEND.

[Harry Gray is flying a kite, Charlie Jones comes along rolling a hoop. Harry stops Charlie to tell him the news.]

WE'VE got a baby! I should like you to come
Just to see the baby that we have at home;
Oh, it is such a baby! with the bluest little eyes!
And its mouth! You should only see its mouth when it cries!

Then it has such a hand! like mine, only smaller;
And it can not walk yet, and our Ponto is taller.
It has the queerest little feet, with the funniest little toes,
And something which papa declares will grow into a nose.

I saw it this morning—how it sucked its little thumb!
Oh, it is such a baby! now do, Charlie, come.
Mother says you may see it, if you will not make a noise;
Just wait till nurse has gone down-stairs,—you know she hates us boys.

You have a brother? what of that? wait till you have a sister.
I wish you had been at our house the first time that I kissed her!
Such a warm little mouth! standing wide open so. [*Puts two fingers in mouth and stretches it.*]
A boy's no great thing—I'm one—I ought to know!

I'm glad she's a girl; I know all my toys
Would last as long again but for rough little boys!
But it's well you have one, since you can't have the other,
Though I would not change my sister for any little brother.

A LITTLE BOY'S REASONS.

WHY should I learn to smoke and chew?
No reasons good I know;
It helps not body, heart, or soul,
And is it manly? No!
Why should I not? It injures health,
'Tis filthy, leads to sin,
Costs money, time, and intellect;
No! no! I'll not begin.

A BOY'S IDEA OF GIRLS.

G. L. DURKEE.

GIRLS are a nuisance in a family where there is a boy. They are always breaking something and laying it on him. If they are going to an entertainment that begins at eight o'clock, they will begin to get ready at six o'clock, and stand before the glass an hour and a half, at least. If you go into any house where a girl lives and lift up the mat before the glass, you will see there is scarcely any carpet left there. Girls are allowed to come in at the front door, while the boys have to go around to the back door day or night. They can stay out of school any time they want to, but a boy can not unless he plays truant. If girls want to go out at night with the boys, they tell their folks that they are going to church, but if a boy tells his folks that, they think he is fibbing. Girls can go to their brother's bureau and mix everything up and read his letters and then plague him about them. Then they are mad at him if he scolds about it. When he goes to his sister's bureau to get something she took out of his, she makes enough noise to raise the roof of the house. Girls are always on hand when there is any candy

brought into the house, and they eat it all up before their brother gets around. If the folks ever want to go out to spend the evening, their brother has to stay with them, because they are afraid to stay alone. If ever a boy smokes, his sister is always around somewhere to see him and goes home and tells his father and mother, and then he gets a scolding, all on her account. One boy is worth three girls. Now, boys, this is all true, for I have two sisters myself and know all about it. Well, I can not think of much more to say, so I will sit down.

MY GRANDPA.

FEW boys have grandpas as good as mine.
He is eighty years old, to be sure,
Yet he has never meddled with whiskey and wine,
But drank of the water pure.
He does not chew, or smoke, or snuff
Tobacco, but hates the poison stuff.
So he's hale and hearty and hobbles about,
And though rather lame, it is not with the gout.
Very few of his age are half as stout;
Of course, he's not spry as he used to be,
When he was a boy like you and me.

He gave us a temperance talk last week,
About the thousands destroyed by drink;
And as he talked I saw on his cheek
A tear, and I could not help but think,
That perhaps some loved one, bright and fair,
A brother or son, had been caught in the snare;
Yet to ask him about it I did not dare.
But I'll tell you what, boys, I've heard enough
To make me afraid of the poison stuff.

WHEN I AM A MAN.

WHEN I am a man—and I'm going to be one sometime—there are several things I mean to find out. One is, why men make themselves sick learning to chew stuff that even the pigs will not eat. It makes their breath smell bad; it makes their teeth grow black; it makes their faces yellow; and it makes every clean person want to get away from them. I wonder why they do it.

Another thing is, why boys begin to drink wine, and cider, and ale, and beer, and keep on taking something a little stronger, till they get to be drunkards. My father says nobody means to be a drunkard at first, but when they begin they can not well stop. I think the safest way is not to begin.

I am a temperance boy, a teetotal temperance boy, and I mean to be a teetotal temperance man. Then I shall know a great deal more than I do now, and I'll make you another speech.

WILLIE'S BREECHES.

ETTY G. SAULSBURY.

I'M just a little boy, you know,
And scarcely can remember;
When people ask how old I am
I say seven last November.
And yet for all I am so small,
I made so many stitches
For mamma's fingers, that she put
Her little boy in breeches.

You may be sure that I was glad.
I marched right up and kissed her,

Then gave my bibs and petticoats
And all to baby sister.
I never whine now I'm so fine,
And don't get into messes,
For mamma says if I am bad
She'll put me back in dresses.

I WONDER.

I WONDER what makes papa tell such stories about hiding the schoolmaster's rattan when he went to school and about his running from the school-teacher when she was going to whip him, and then shut me up all day in the dark room because I tried just once to be as smart as he was?

JOHNNY'S OPINION OF GRANDMOTHERS.

GRANDMOTHERS are very nice folks—
They beat all the aunts in creation;
They let a chap do as he likes,
And don't worry about education.

I'm sure I can't see it at all,
What a poor fellow ever could do
For apples and pennies and cakes,
Without a grandmother or two.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea,
And pies—a whole row in the cellar!
And they are apt, if they know it in time,
To have chicken-pie for a fellow.

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racketting noise,
They only look over their specs,
And say, "Ah, boys will be boys!"

HOW TO MAKE A WHISTLE.

[Select a boy with a clear, strong voice, who is not afraid to act. Have him make the whistle (or seem to; it may be prepared beforehand, to avoid disaster) as he describes it, and "blow" some simple air at finish.]

FIRST take a willow bough,
Smooth and round and dark,
And cut a little ring
Just through the outside bark.

Then tap and rap it gently
With many a pat and pound
To loosen up the bark,
So it may turn around.

Slip the bark off carefully,
So that it will not break,
And cut away the inside part,
And then a mouth-piece make.

Now put the bark all nicely back
And in a single minute;
Just put it to your lip,
And blow the whistle in it.

MOTHER'S HIRED MAN.

F. M. BAKER.

THERE, out by the sand-heap, his barrow fast filling,
Working away just as hard as he can,
Working for wages—a sweet sugar shilling
Or bright Yankee sixpence—is mother's hired man.

He is making a mole-hill, but calls it a mountain,—
Not a very rare thing since this world first began.
'Guess I'll call it a cake, and then pebbles I'll count in,
One, two, six, nine plums, all for mother's hired man.

"Oh, no, it's a nest, now, and these are my eggies;
I'm a bird, and I'll hatch 'em all out if I can;
I'll try,—no, I won't, for it tires my poor leggies,
And I can't be a bird, 'cause I'm mother's hired man.

"Hired men take a rest, when they're tired, where it's shady;
I guess I'm tired, so I'll rest just like Dan."
When mother called, "Willie!" and searched, anxious lady,
Fast asleep near his sand-heap she found her hired man.

WHEN I AM A MAN.

NELLY R. CRAMER.

WHEN I'm a big man as high as the steeple,
I'm going to do something to astonish the people;
I'll climb fortune's ladder so lofty and fair,
Till I take my seat in the President's chair.

I'll make right every evil there is in the land,
To the sad and the lowly I'll give a strong hand;
And I'll not forget in the midst of my joy
Who it was cared for me when I was a boy.

BE A "TRY" BOY.

I KNOW a boy, and who he is
I'll tell you by and by;
When mother says, "Do this," or "that,"
He says "What for!" and "Why?"
He'd be a better boy by far,
If he would say, "I'll try."

FRED'S EXPERIMENT.

[Boy sitting on bench, holding cat between legs with left arm and a spoon in his right hand, trying to put a spoonful of milk into the cat's mouth; wool dog looking on.]

NOW, Tab, be a sensible cat, I say,
And take your milk in a genteel way.
What's good for a boy for a cat is, too,
If I eat with a spoon, why should not you?

Never mind, old Peppo, you needn't stare
With such a surprised and solemn air;
You've got a wise old head, I ween,
But there's things in the world you haven't seen.

New plans are coming up every day—
Even cats should be taught the modern way;
I'm sorry to force her, but then, you see,
'Tis the only course that is left for me.

OUR FLAG.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

AS at early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then, as the sun advances, that light breaks into bands and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and the intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so, on the American flag, stars and bands of colored light shine out together. And wherever this flag comes and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblems no ramping lion, no fierce eagle, no embattled castle or insignia of imperial authority; they see the symbols of light. It is the banner of Dawn. It means Liberty.

OUR FLAG IS THERE.

OUR flag is there!
We'll greet it with three loud huzzas!
Our flag is there!
Behold the glorious stripes and stars!

Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag,
Strong hands sustained it mast-head high,
And oh, to see how proud it waves,
Brings tears of joy to every eye.

That flag withstood the battle's roar,
With foemen stout, with foemen brave;
Strong hands have sought that flag to lower,
And found a speedy, watery grave.

That flag is known on ev'ry shore;
The standard of a gallant band,
Alike unstained in peace and war,
It floats o'er Freedom's happy land.

THE CAPTURED BUMBLE-BEE.

NELLIE WOOD.

[If recited by a small boy who pinches a hollyhock or a large rose together as though a bee were in it, and then carefully puts it down and runs, this selection is very amusing.]

NOW, bumble-bee, you just keep still;
You needn't jump and buzz;
I've had such a time to catch you
As never, never was.
I've chased you round the garden,
And, because I didn't look,
I almost fell right over
Into that dreadful brook;

And I'm going to put *you* in it,
  Though I s'pose you think you're hid,
For last week you stung my pussy,—
  You know very well you did.
Yes, and you made us afraid that
  She was going to have a fit;
She jumped up so, and tried to catch
  The place where you had bit.
Yes, I shall surely drown you!
  But perhaps you've got a home,
And your little ones will wonder
  Why you don't ever come!
And I think perhaps you're sorry
  You went and acted so;
If you'll only wait till I run away,—
  I—believe—I'll—let you go.

FLAG DAY.

MARTHA BURR BANKS.

RUN up our flag in the breeze,
  Flash it out under the sky;
Up to the tops of the trees
  We'll merrily let it fly!
Shake it now, wind, but slightly,
Flutter its folds now lightly,
  The flag that we love all flags above
Smile on it, sun, most brightly.
  Let it float over the ocean,
Let it float over the land:
  We'll give it our earnest devotion,
We'll guard it with heart and hand:
  We'll cherish each shining star,

We'll care for each brilliant bar:
Three cheers for our banner!
Here's in our best manner;
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

WHEN JIMMY COMES FROM SCHOOL.

JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS.

WHEN Jimmy comes from school at four,
J-e-r-u-s-a-l-e-m! how things begin
To whirl and buzz and bang and spin
And brighten up from roof to floor!
The dog, that all day long has lain
Upon the back porch, wags his tail
And leaps and barks and begs again
The last scrap in the dinner-pail,
When Jimmy comes from school.

The cupboard latches clink a tune,
And mother from her knitting stirs
To tell that hungry boys of hers
That supper will be ready soon.
And then a slab of pie he takes,
A cooky and a quince or two,
And for the breezy barnyard breaks,
Where everything cries, "How d'y do?"
When Jimmy comes from school.

The rooster on the garden fence
Stirs up and down and crows and crows
As if he knows, or thinks he knows,
He, too, is of some consequence.
The guineas join the chorus, too,
And just beside the window-sill
The redbird, swinging out of view,

On his high perch begins to trill,
When Jimmy comes from school.

When Jimmy comes from school, take care!
Our hearts begin to throb and quake
With life and joy, and every ache
Is gone before we are aware.
The earth takes on a richer hue,
A softer light falls on the flowers,
And overhead a brighter blue
Seems bent above this world of ours,
When Jimmy comes from school.

MY COMPOSITION ABOUT PINS.

PINS are very useful. They have saved the lives of a great many men, women, and children—in fact, whole families—and that was because they did not swallow them. No good boy ever swallows a pin.

TRUE MANLINESS.

DOES it make a boy any more of a man,
To smoke a cigar, pray tell?
If he's honest and earnest and kind of heart
I think he will do very well.

Does it make a boy any more of a man,
To quaff down a glass of wine,
When he knows that a serpent of wily speech
Lurks in the juice of the vine?

Does it make a boy any more of a man,
To be tricky and cheat in his play?
And trade off his marbles and pocket-knife
In a senseless, foolish way?

Does it make a boy any more of a man,
To be saucy to aged folk,
And call his father the "Governor,"
And think it a pleasant joke?

True manliness dwells in the soul, my boy,
And is courteous to young and old;
'Tis a jewel no station or wealth can buy,
For it never yet was sold.

It grows as the sturdier virtues grow,
On the universal plan;
And a temperate, honest and noble boy
Is the germ of a noble man.

PART II.—Recitations for Girls.

LEARNING TO SEW.

[Sitting on a low chair, with needle threaded in one hand and piece of muslin in the other.]

MY grandmamma says that the
Right way to sew
Is to put little stitches
Along in a row.
That sounds very easy;
I almost know
That some spectacles and things would
Help me to sew.

I try very hard now, but
Isn't it slow—
The stitches won't half of them
Stay in a row.

I'm sure as can be that the
  People don't know
What very hard work 'tis to
  Learn how to sew.

I'll do like my grandma; I'll
  Sing soft and low,
Put my foot on a stool, make
  My rocking-chair go,
And put on her spectacles—then
  Stitch, stitch,—oh, ho!
I think I've found out how to
  Learn how to sew.

THE ARITHMETIC LESSON.

[Girl on low chair with book, studying.]

TWO times eleven are twenty-two.
  Kitty, don't I wish 'twas you
Instead of me had this to do!
Two times eleven are twenty-two.

Three times eleven are thirty-three.
Robin in the apple-tree,
I hear *you*, do you hear *me?*
Three times eleven are thirty-three.

Four times eleven are forty-four.
How the sunbeams speck the floor!
Four times eleven—what a bore!
Four times eleven are fourty-four.

Five times eleven are fifty-five.
Swallows! swallows! skim and dive—
Making all the air alive—
Five times eleven are fifty-five.

Six times eleven are sixty-six.
Tip, for shame, sir! Pretty chicks,
Don't you mind his naughty tricks!
Six times eleven are sixty-six.

Seven times eleven are seventy-seven.
There now, Kitty; you can't even
Say the *first*—"once eleven is eleven!"
Seven times eleven are seventy-seven.

Eight times eleven are eighty-eight.
Someone's pulling at the gate—
Hark! 'tis Bessie, sure as fate!
Eight times eleven are eighty-eight.

Nine times eleven are ninety-nine.
Coming, Bessie! Isn't it fine—
That's the last one in the line!
Nine times eleven are ninety-nine.

THE DOLL'S LULLABY.

"OH, you're so sleepy, dollie dear,
You can't hold up your head;
You've played real hard all day, and now
'Tis time to go to bed.

"I'll sing to you, if you'll be good;
So shut your eyes and try
To go to sleep. I'm sleepy, too;
So by—low, baby, by!"

The nursery fire glowed warm and bright,
And swaying to and fro
In rocking-chair, the mother sang
So tenderly and low:

"Now rock-a-by, my baby sweet,
Upon the tree-top high.
I wish I wasn't quite—so—tired—
But—by—low—baby—by!"

Now softer sounds the lullaby,
And dreamy shadows creep
Over the little mother's face,—
She's sung herself to sleep.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL CAN DO.

I'M my mother's little helper,
And am happy all day long:
I can bring dear papa's slippers;
Sing the baby's cradle song;
Rock him till the angels whisper
Makes him smile from dreamland's shore;
Run a thousand ways for mother;
Can a little girl do more?

HELPING MAMMA.

[Sitting in an arm-chair darning a lace cap.]

SOME little girls are lazy,
And will not learn to sew,
And some get into mischief,
For mamma told me so.

But I keep my little fingers
As busy as can be.
This nice lace cap is full of holes,
I'm mending it, you can see.

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD.

I AM a little country girl,
My home is by the creek;
My teacher says I'm big enough
A little piece to speak.

I have a tiny reading-book,
Because I am so small;
But won't I use great, heavy ones,
When I am grown up tall!

My mamma hopes that I shall be
A lady, by-and-by;
She means, oh, a great deal, by that!
But I am going to try.

Politeness means, be kind to all,
That is an easy way;
And now, I kiss good-bye to you,
For I've no more to say.

GOOD-BYE TO DOLLY.

[Table, bench on it, dolly leaning against it; girl stands near table with hat and cloak on and a bag of books slung across her back; she looks at dolly and talks.]

MY dear, precious dolly, I love you, you know,
But the school-bell is ringing, and Minnie must go.
With books on her shoulder, she trips off to school,
To learn every lesson, and mind every rule.

She has only a minute to kiss you, and say,
"In this nice cozy corner keep quiet all day."
And don't fret for Minnie; when lessons are through,
She'll come skipping and dancing, dear Dolly, to you.

A LITTLE GIRL'S WISH.

LIBBIE C. BAER.

I WISH I could be a soldier,
But then I never can;
I wish that I had been a boy,
And then I'd be a man,
And soon I'd be a soldier,
Without a thought of fear.
And first I'd be a captain,
And then a brigadier;
And I'd march—march—march,
With stately martial tread,
A big hat like a smoke-stack
A-setting on my head!

March to martial music, coming to a "face about" in military style.]

Or perhaps I'd be a bugler.
I'd sound the reveille,
And every sleeping soldier
Would rise to honor me.
All dressed up in my uniform,
With buttons shining bright,
I'd stand up in the early dawn,
And blow with all my might;
I'd blow—blow—blow—
So trillingly and sweet,
Till all the hills around the camp
The echo would repeat.

Imitate the blowing of the horn to music of the reveille.]

Or else I'd be a drummer boy;
I'd beat the rat-tat-too,

And then I would not have to grow;
For size I think I'd do.
And though I should not like to see
Folks killed, or think it right,
Yet if my comrades had to go,
I'd leave them in the fight,
And I'd beat—beat—beat—
The rat-tat-tat-tat-too,
And every rap to foes would say:
"Look out! we're after you!"

[*Imitate beating of the drum to music of the rat-tat-too.*]

Or else I'd be a cavalry man,
And ride a big black horse,
My hair a-flowing down my neck,
A long moustache, of course,
Gold lace upon my uniform,
A plume upon my hat,
And silver spurs upon my boots,
Side arms and all of that.
And I'd charge—charge—charge!
So awful I would fight;
And how the enemy would run,
Whene'er I came in sight!

[*Charge by raising aloft hand as if with sword. Spirited music.*]

But since I can not be a boy,
Or ever be a man,
Or ever be a soldier,
I'll do the best I can.
To our dear stars and stripes I'll be
A daughter, tried and true,
I'll love the starry banner
That is loved so well by you,

And I'll pray—pray—pray—
"Dear Lord, with loving hand,
Guide the dear old Union veterans
Who fought to save our land."

Kneel with folded hands. Music, low and sweet.]

A TROUBLESOME CALLER.

WE were going on Saturday ever so far—
My mamma and I—to the Dollies' Bazaar,
Where fifty wax dollies—the loveliest show—
Went walking about when they wound them, you know.

You wouldn't believe half the things they could do:
Why one said: "Good morning," as plainly as you,
One played the piano, and one dressed in lace
Walked up to the mirror and powdered her face.

Well, when we were ready, we stepped in the hall,
And there was a lady a-coming to call.
She said she just chanced to be passing that way,
And she really had only a minute to stay.

We waited and waited, and hoped she would go,
Till I saw it was almost time for the show,
For I heard the clocks striking all over the town,
And I knew that the dollies would all be run down.

And so I just said: "I should s'pose, Mrs. Black,
Your little girl wonders why don't you come back."
That's all that I said, every 'dentical word,
But she said: "Little girls should be seen and not heard."

I guess that's a proverb, so may be 'tis true;
But if people won't see, what can little girls do?
My mamma looked queer, but that ended the call,
And we went to the Dollies' Bazaar, after all.

THE LITTLE TEACHER.

SOPHIE E. EASTMAN.

NINE o'clock. 'Tis time for school.
Rover, don't forget the rule:
You must keep your eyes on me
While you learn your A-B-C,
I should be ashamed indeed
Of a dog who could not read.

Now begin: "C—a—t, cat."
Barking? What? You don't like that?
Here's another: "D—o—g."
If you'll say it after me
You shall have a piece of cake.
Oh! you made a great mistake.

Try it, Rover, just once more.
Here's a word you've heard before:
"B—o—w;" speak up now
And pronounce it—"*Bow, bow, wow.*"
Good old Rover! That's well done.
Come and have a little run.

WHEN MAMMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

WHEN mamma was a little girl
(Or so, they say to me),
She never used to romp and run,
Nor shout, nor scream with noisy fun,
Nor climb an apple-tree;
She always kept her hair in curl,
When mamma was a little girl.

When mamma was a little girl
(It seems to her, you see),
She never used to tumble down,
Nor break her doll, nor tear her gown,
Nor drink her papa's tea;
She learned to knit, "plain," "seam," and "purl,"
When mamma was a little girl.

But grandma says—it must be true:
"How fast the seasons o'er us whirl!
Your mamma, dear, was just like you,
When she was grandma's little girl."

THE LITTLE SEAMSTRESS.

I CAN'T quite thread my needle yet,
They make the hole so small,
I hope my eyes will sharper get,
When I grow big and tall.

And when at last the thread is through
And I begin to sew,
I can not make the stitches neat,
And keep them in a row.

Such tiny stitches big folks make,
So fast their fingers fly,
And while I work and worry so,
They hardly seem to try.

And why a little girl like me,
With such a little hand,
Must make long stitches, this is more
Than I can understand.

JOHNNY'S LESSON.

JOHNNY, come here and look at the cat!
Notice how nicely she washes her face;
Now rubbing this cheek, now rubbing that.
Carefully putting each hair in its place;
Johnny, you dear little dirty elf,
Don't you feel a little ashamed of yourself?

Her hands she takes next—now, Johnny, look there!
Carefully—daintily—see her scrub!
Now she arranges her soft, silken hair,
And her tail and her ears have an extra rub.
She owns neither looking-glass, towel, nor comb,
Yet she keeps herself neat, abroad and at home.

Johnny, what do you think of this?
With that smile on your bright, little smutty face,
I declare there is not a spot I can kiss!
And you know that your hair is never in place.
No wonder your hands in your pockets go;
You are ashamed of them, Johnny, you are, you know!

Playing with marbles, down on your knees,
Grubbing for angle-worms under the ground.
Riding the fences and climbing the trees,
You're the dirtiest fellow anywhere round—
You know you are, Johnny, you need not look hurt!
You know you delight to play in the dirt.

O Johnny! O Johnny! what shall I do?
Is a question that puzzles me evening and morn,
With a dear, loving little fellow like you,
Who is always dirty, and tumbled, and torn!
Johnny, if you don't do better than that,
I believe I shall send you to school to the cat.

ROSEBUD'S FIRST BALL.

"'TIS really time you were out, I think,"
Said Lady Rose, to her daughter small;
"So I'll send my invitations round,
And give you, my dear, a splendid ball.

"We'd best decide on our toilet first;
Your sister, Jacqueminot, wore dark red,
But you are so much smaller than she,
I think you must wear pale pink, instead.

"Then, whom to invite! We can not ask all,
And yet it's exceedingly hard to tell
The flowers from weeds. Indeed, last year
I snubbed Field-Daisy, and now she's a belle.

"We'll ask the Pansies, they're always in
The best society everywhere;
The Lilies, Heliotropes, and Pinks,
Geraniums and Fuchsias must be there.

"Miss Mignonette is so very plain,
A favorite, though, I'll put her down;
The Violets are away, I think,
They're always the first to leave for town.

"The Larkspurs are such old-fashioned things
It's not worth while asking them to come;
The Dahlias are coarse, the Lilacs stiff,
The Marigolds, better off at home.

"Miss Morning-Glory I'd like to ask,
But then she never goes out at night:
She's such a delicate thing, she says
She scarce can bear a ballroom's light.

"The Verbenas, I know, will be put out
If we don't ask them; the Petunias, too.
They're not quite *au fait*, but then, my dear,
They're such near neighbors, what's one to do?

"I'll make out my list at once, for there
Is Mr. Butterfly coming this way;
I'll send out my invitations by him,—
He'll go the rounds without delay.

"Dear! dear! to think that to-morrow night
You'll really be out. Now listen, my child,
Don't go with your cousin Sweet Brier much,
He's very nice, but inclined to be wild."

THE SPRING HAS COME.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[Let some of the flowers named in the poem appear in a bouquet held by the speaker.]

THE sunbeams, lost for half a year,
Slant through my pane their morning rays;
For dry northwesters, cold and clear,
The east blows in its thin, blue haze.

And first the snowdrops' bells are seen;
Then close against the sheltering wall
The tulip's horn, of dusky green,
The peony's dark, unfolding ball.

The golden-chaliced crocus burns;
The long narcissus-blades appear;
The cone-peaked hyacinth returns
To light her blue-flamed chandelier.

The willow's whistling lashes, wrung
By the wild winds of gusty March,

With sallow leaflets, lightly strung,
Are swaying by the tufted larch.

The elms have robed their slender spray
With full-blown flower and embryo leaf;
Wide o'er the clasping arch of day
Soars like a cloud their hoary chief.

See the proud tulip's flaunting cup,
That flames in glory for an hour,—
Behold it withering,—then look up—
How meek the forest monarch's flower.

When wake the violets, Winter dies;
When sprout the elm-buds, Spring is near;
When lilacs blossom, Summer cries,
"Bud, little roses! Spring is here!"

THE WHITE KITTEN.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

MY little white kitten's asleep on my knee;
As white as the snow or the lilies is she.
She wakes up with a purr
When I stroke her soft fur;
Was there ever another white kitten like her?

My little white kitten now wants to go out,
And frolic, with no one to watch her, about;
"Little kitten," I say,
"Just an hour you may stay,
And be careful in choosing your places to play."

But night has come down and I hear a loud "mew;"
I open the door and my kitten comes through;

My white kitten! ah, me!
Can it really be she—
This ill-looking and beggar-like cat that I see?

If good little children intend to do right,
If little white kittens would keep themselves white,
It is needful that they
Should this counsel obey,
And be careful in choosing their places to play.

RAG BABIES.

[Ten very small girls dressed like rag-dolls stand awkwardly in a row, some with bonnets, others with hoods, others with hats. They all sing to the tune of "Ten Little Injuns."]

TEN rag babies standing in a row,
Ten rag babies standing in a row,
Take one rag baby out of the row,
Leaves nine rag babies standing in a row.

[*Girl at left end steps stiffly to one side.*]

Nine rag babies standing in a row,
Nine rag babies standing in a row,
Take one rag baby out of the row,
Leaves eight rag babies standing in a row.

[*Next girl steps stiffly to one side. Continue in this manner until there is only one rag baby left in the row and then let her sing:*]

One rag baby standing in a row,
One rag baby standing in a row,
Take one rag baby out of the row,
Leaves no rag baby standing in a row.

[*All bow stiffly at the close.*]

NELLIE'S DECORATIONS.

WINIFRED DAVIS.

QUITE by themselves, a knot of violets blue,
Lifted their dainty heads all wet with dew,
And murmured: "We're so tired of this dull spot!
Every day we have to tell the same old tale,
Just stay right here, look proper, trim, and pale,
In all this great wide world just one blue dot."

That very day a little blue-eyed girl
Stood at her mother's knee
And prattled: "Mamma, do you suppose
That God in heaven can see
That to-morrow they're going to strew flowers
On the graves of soldiers true,
And we have not one flower for grandpa's,
To show he wore the blue?"
And the mother, for a moment,
Clasped her little one close. "Yes, dear,
God's love never slights, there's nothing
That He can not see or hear;
He'll know every grave where a brave heart was laid,
Though decked by no flowers gay,
And will pay it a grander tribute
Than all earthly pomp could pay."

Then the child ran to play 'mong the leaves and grass;
And lo! there at her feet, so she could not pass,
Was the clump of violets, all green and blue.
"God sent you for grandpa's grave!" she cried;
"I'll put on his blue coat he wore 'fore he died,
And we'll be decorations, little flowers, I and you."

There were many smiles through the ranks next day
As they saw what the child had done,

As she sat there so pleased and anxious
To be seen by everyone;
She had dressed herself in the old-fashioned coat,
In her hand was the bunch of flowers,
And she sat at the head of grandpa's grave,
Waiting patiently hour after hour.
Many a veteran's eye grew dim
As he paused by wee Nellie's side,
And a bunch of pure white lilies fell
In her lap from an old comrade.
"I guess they were s'prised to see me, mamma,"
Murmured the tired child that night,
"For the captain said, 'God bless you, dear,'
And something else 'bout 'widow's mite.'"

And the mother thought, as she gazed on her darling's sleeping face,
"Surely God has gifted little ones with some of His own sweet grace;
Dear Father in heaven, keep me pure and more free from guile."
While the violets, lying on the grave beside the lilies fair,
Felt ashamed of their discontent, and thought of the Father's care,
And thanked Him for the lesson He had sent through the little child.

THE GENTLE CHILD.

THE gentle child who loves to please,
Who will not quarrel, fret nor tease,
And never says an angry word—
That child is pleasing to the Lord.

TEACHING DOLLY TO WALK.

CAN'T I teach her? Let me see;
Now, my dolly, look at me;
First one step and then the other,
So I taught my little brother.
Can not do it? Well, I never,
Why, I thought my dolly clever.

There, don't worry, that will do,
"Quite a good beginning, dear,"
That is what my mamma says,
And I love such words to hear.
So and so, the child will walk
By the time she learns to talk.

[Girl takes hold of dolly by the arms and tries to make her walk.]

THERE'S A BOY IN THE HOUSE.

A GUN in the parlor, a kite in the hall,
In the kitchen a book and a bat and a ball;
On the sideboard a ship, on the bookcase a flute,
And a hat for whose ownership none could dispute;
And out on the porch, gallantly prancing nowhere,
A spirited hobby-horse paws at the air;
And a well-polished pie-plate out there on the shelf,
Near the tall jelly jar which a mischievous elf
Emptied as slyly and slick as a mouse,
Make it easy to see there's a boy in the house.

A racket, a rattle, a rollicking shout,
Above and below and around and about;

A whistling, a pounding, a hammering of nails,
The building of houses, the shaping of sails,
Entreaties for paper, for scissors, for string,
For every unfindable, bothersome thing;
A bang of the door, and a dash up the stairs,
In the interest of burdensome business affairs;
And an elephant hunt for a bit of a mouse,
Make it easy to hear there's a boy in the house.

But, oh, if the toys were not scattered about,
And the house never echoed to racket and rout;
If forever the rooms were all tidy and neat,
And one need not wipe after wee, muddy feet;
If no one laughed out if the morning was red,
And with kisses went tumbling all tired to bed;
What a wearisome work-a-day world, don't you see,
For all who love little wild laddies 'twould be;
And I'm happy to think—though I shrink like a mouse,
From disorder and din—there's a boy in the house!

DOLLY'S WEDDING.

MY dolly was going to be married.
'Twas such an exciting day!
And all the dolls were invited,
From near and far away.

She had as fine an outfit
As ever a doll could show;
We played that it came from Paris,
Like Sister Nell's, you know.

The groom was a gallant sailor
In a suit of white and blue;
His name was Ralph Augustus,
And the doll-bride's name was Sue.

The bride was dressed in satin,
All trimmed with flowers and lace;
And everyone said she was charming,
And had such a lovely face.

Pray, how do you think they were married?
'Twas simple as simple could be:
They both jumped over a broomstick,
And then they were married, you see.

NAUGHTY LITTLE FRED.

I WONDER if you know him?
His name is little Fred;
His eyes are blue as violets,
And golden is his head,
And he hasn't a trouble in the world
Till it's time to go to bed.

The old clock in the corner
Chimes out the hour of eight,
And mamma says, "Come, Freddie boy,
It's really growing late;
I think I hear the sandman
Knocking at the gate."

Then a little frown will pucker
The brow so smooth and white,
And sometimes, I am grieved to say,
He'll really cry outright,
Because "the best of the day," he thinks,
"Only comes on at night."

The lamp is burning brightly,
Pa has his slippers on,
And Brother Will and Sister Sue

Are only half-way done
That splendid game, "Parcheesi,"
That is always full of fun.

He pleads to stay; but mamma means
"Come!" when "Come!" she says,
And little Fred, though gloomily,
Her loving word obeys;
He frets and fumes and makes a fuss
As long as mamma stays.

I think a boy like Freddie,
If sense were in his head,
Would turn a new leaf over
About this going to bed;
And then we'd call him brave, you see,
Not "Naughty Little Fred!"

ALL ENDING IN "O."

A. F. CALDWELL.

"M-U-L-A-T-T-O, potato, tomato,—oh, there,
Such awfully long lessons are really not fair!
Just twenty hard words all ending in 'o,'—
To learn them I'll *never* be able, I know!"

Brother Willie—who ever knew such a sweet elf?
(No larger than just wee Willie, himself!)—
Covered up with his fat, little, chubby hand, so,
All but one of the naughty words ending in "o."

"I've covered them up,—you've only got one!"
In a moment Maud saw what Willie had done.
She learned that one first; then another, and lo,
She'd learned the whole list of words ending in "o!"

FRIGHTENED BIRDS.

"HUSH! hush!" said the little brown thrush
To her mate on the nest in the elder-brush;
"Keep still! don't open your bill!
There's a boy coming bird-nesting over the hill.

"Let go your wings out so
That not an egg nor the nest shall show.
Chee! chee! it seems to me
I'm as frightened as ever a bird can be!"

Then still, with a quivering bill,
They watched the boy out of sight o'er the hill
Ah, then, in the branches again,
Their glad song rang over vale and glen.

Oh! oh! if that boy could know
How glad they were when they saw him go,
Say, say, do you think next day
He could possibly steal those eggs away?

MUD CAKES.

ETHEL E. SLEEPER.

I DON'T see why the big folks all
Need to go to cooking-school,
For it's easy enough to make a cake
If you make it by this rule:

First, you must have an apron
That you're not afraid to hurt,
For in this recipe we use
For flour sifted dirt.

Then dig, with an iron spoon,
A hole in the cool, dark ground,
And put in dirt and water,
Stirring it round and round.

And then a handful of pebbles
You'd best put into the dough.
What are these for? In this recipe
Pebbles are raisins, you know.

And when you get it all thick enough,
You make it into a cake;
Then put it on a nice, clean board
And set in the sun to bake.

Dear me! I'd most forgot to say
You must sprinkle with sugar (or sand),
And when they're done no better cakes
Will be found in Babyland.

That's all! You see, to learn to cook
You don't need to make a fuss,
Though mamma says, when she comes to the door,
"Why, Bessie, child! what a muss!"

THE WAY TO SPEAK A PIECE.

I'LL tell you how I speak a piece: First, I make my bow.
Then I bring my words out clear and plain as I know how.
Next, I throw my hands up, so! Then I lift my eyes—
That's to let my hearers know something doth surprise.
Next, I grin and show my teeth, nearly every one;
Shake my shoulders, hold my sides; that's the sign of fun.
Next, I start and knit my brow, hold my head erect;
Something's wrong, you see, and I decidedly object.

Then I wabble at my knees, clutch at shadows near,
Tremble well from top to toe; that's the sign of fear.
Then I let my voice grow faint, gasp and hold my breath,
Tumble down and plunge about; that's a villain's death.
Quickly, then, I come to life, perfectly restored;
With a bow, my speech is done. Now, you'll please applaud.

[*A chair should be ready for the speaker to fall into at "tumble down," and she should rise at "quickly, then."*]

WHO MADE THE SPEECH?

[Girl with a large doll in her arms.]

'TIS dolly's turn to speak a piece
(Now don't be frightened, dear);
Her voice is weak, but if you're still
I think you all can hear.

She's never been away from home,
And so she feels quite shy.
(There, never mind, my precious babe,
We'll go home by and by.)

I s'pose she takes her bashfulness
From me, her mamma dear;
If I should try to speak, I know
I'd almost die with fear.

When teacher asked me yesterday
If I would speak to-day,
I told her "no," for I felt sure
I'd do it the wrong way.

"Well, never mind, then, little one,"
My darling teacher said,
"We'll dress your dolly in her best
And let her speak instead."

So that is why I brought her here
(Why, dolly, are you ill?)—
Just see how she is trembling now,
Poor dear, she can't keep still.

She's nervous and excited, too,
So now we'll say good-bye.
Has dolly made a speech to-day,
I wonder, or have I?

CAKES AND PIES.

EMEROY HAYWARD.

[Small table, on it rolling-pin, dough, thimbles, small pie-tin, lots of apples, small chair and doll in it.]

IN the dough! In the dough! [*Pat dough with hands.*]
This is the way we make it go; [*Turn over and knead a little.*]
Roll it and roll it, smooth and thin; [*Roll with rolling-pin.*]
Pound it with the rolling-pin; [*Pound it with side of rolling-pin.*]
Cut with thimbles, and it makes [*Cut it with a thimble.*]
Just the nicest dolly cakes. [*Holds one up to view.*]

Dolly now must have a pie; [*Looks at doll*
We will make it, you and I. *and nods at her.*]
Here's a cunning little tin! [*Holds up a very small tin pie-plate.*]
Roll and roll the pie-crust thin; [*Roll the dough.*]
Spread it smoothly now within; [*Put in pie-pan.*]
Lay some bits of apple in, [*Put in bits of apple.*]
Cover nicely; then it will bake, [*Cover with dough.*]
That's the way our pies we make.

All we make is good to eat,
For our hands are clean and sweet, [*Hold up hands.*]
And we have such handy ways, [*Drop hands.*]
Our dear mother often says, [*Put hands on hips.*]
That she thinks, by all the looks,
We shall soon be famous cooks. [*Bow.*]

CHOOSING OCCUPATIONS.

FIVE little girls sat down to talk
One day beside the brook.
Miss Lucy said, when she grew up,
She meant to write a book.
And then the others had to laugh,
Till tears were in their eyes,
To think of Lucy's writing books,
And see her look so wise.

Miss Susie said she always thought
She'd like to teach a school,
And make the horrid, ugly boys
Obey her strictest rule.
Miss Jennie said she'd keep a store,
Where all the rest must buy,
And they agreed to patronize,
If prices weren't too high.

Miss Alice said she'd marry rich
And have a diamond ring,
And give a party every night,
And "never do a thing!"
But Nellie, youngest of them all,
Shook out each tumbled curl,
And said she'd always stay at home
And be her mother's girl.

THE SUN AND THE VIOLET.

AMELIE V. PETIT.

"COME kiss me, sweet sun," the violet said,
As it curled itself down in its grassy bed;
"One dear, warm kiss, for my heart is cold,
Pressed down so close to the garden mold.

"Just now the South wind gave me a caress,
And said I was sweet in my new blue dress;
Though sometimes pleasant, his ways are wild,
So I shook my head and never smiled.

"But come, dear sun, smile down in my cup;
I'm chained here fast and can not come up.
I want to be warm and yellow and bright;
Come down, sweet sun, I so love your light."

Thus fondly besought, the sun for an hour
Bent down to caress the tender flower;
Then the wind came by with a tear and a sigh
To see the poor violet wither and die.

GATHERING GRASSES.

OH, see the lovely grasses,
Right among the weeds—
The kind that mother's been wanting
To mix with her autumn leaves!
She'll fill the parlor vases
And the brackets on the wall,
And make our home in the winter
As bright as the woods in the fall.

Stop, Brother Robert, a minute,
And help me carry them home;
If we put it off till to-morrow
That cruel Jack Frost may come.
He has nipped my prettiest flowers,
And spoiled my coleus bed,
And my ivies and morning-glories
Are lying black and dead.

I could almost cry to see them,
And yet it is right, I know,
That the warm, bright weather should vanish,
And the flowers themselves should go.
For the snow could not come in summer,
Nor the pond be covered with ice;
And as much as I love dear summer,
Old winter is just as nice.

FROGS AT SCHOOL.

THE sun was shining softly,
The day was calm and cool,
When forty-five frog scholars met
Down by a shady pool.
Poor little frogs, like little folk,
Are always sent to school.

Their lessons seemed the strangest things:
They learned that grapes were sour;
They learned that four-and-twenty days
Exactly made an hour;
That bricks were made of houses,
And corn was made of flour;

That six times one was ninety-five,
And "yes" meant "no" or "nay;"
They always spent to-morrow
Before they spent to-day;
While each commenced the alphabet
With Z instead of A.

As soon as school was over,
The master said: "No noise!
Now go and play at leap-frog"
(The game a frog enjoys),
"And mind that you behave yourselves,
And don't throw stones at boys."

HANG UP THE BABY'S STOCKING.

HANG up the baby's stocking;
Be sure you don't forget—
The dear little dimpled darling!
She ne'er saw Christmas yet;
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understands it,
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear, what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then, for the baby's Christmas,
It will never do at all;
Why, Santa wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small.

I know what we'll do for the baby—
I've thought of the very best plan!
I'll borrow a stocking from grandma,
The longest that ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner, so,
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking,
That hangs in the corner here;
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year;
But she's just the blessedest baby!
And now before you go,
Just cram her stockings with goodies
From the top clean down to the toe."

THE OLD DOLL TO THE NEW ONE.

FELIX LEIGH.

SO you're the latest victim—no,
I beg to make polite correction—
You're Dot's *new* doll, of course, and so
You have a beautiful complexion.

It's very easy, miss, to praise
Those blushing cheeks, for one supposes
You've not been placed before a blaze
That mixed your lilies with your roses.

You've not been toasted for an hour
To teach you beauty's a delusion;
You've yet to learn that fire has power
To leave one's features in confusion.

Your form's as trim as trim can be;
Your share of sawdust's not denied you;
No one has picked your seams to see
Just what it was you had inside you.

You've all your hair on, light as tow;
You've both your eyes, of blue most tender;
You've not been scalped, and well I know
You've not been dropped upon the fender.

Your squeak's not broken, I'll be bound;
You're not condemned your woes to mutter.
When you are banged about, a sound
Of protest you can shrilly utter.

But wait a little while, my dear;
You'll not escape the fate of others.
Stoop! let me whisper in your ear—
Dot, you must know, has two small brothers!

OUR GARDEN.

JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

THE winter is gone, and at first Jack and I were sad,
Because of the snow-man's melting, but now we are glad;
For the spring has come, and it's warm, and we're allowed to garden in the afternoon;
And summer is coming, and oh, how lovely our flowers will be in June!

We are so fond of flowers, it makes us quite happy to think
Of our beds—all colors—blue, white, yellow, purple, and pink,

ırlet, lilac, and crimson! And we're fond of sweet scents as well,
d mean to have pinks, roses, sweet peas, mignonette, clove carnations, and everything good to smell.

Monday we went to the wood and got primrose plants and a sucker of dog-rose;
ooks like a green stick in the midst of the bed at present, but wait till it blows!
ɜ primroses were in full flower, and the rose ought to flower soon;
u've no idea how lovely it is in that wood in June!

ɜ primroses look quite withered now, I am sorry to say;
t that's not our fault, but nurse's, and it shows how hard it is to garden when you can't have your own way.
ı planted them carefully and were just going to water them all in a lump,
ıen nurse fetched us both indoors, and put us to bed for wetting our pinafores at the pump.

ı're going to take everything up,—for it can't hurt the plants to stand on the grass for a minute.
d you really can't make a bed smooth with so many things in it.
ı shall dig it all over, and get leaf-mold from the wood, and hoe up the weeds;
d when it's tidy, we shall plant and put labels and strike cuttings and sow seeds.

are so fond of flowers! Jack and I often dream at night
getting up and finding our garden ablaze with all colors,—blue, red, yellow, and white;
d midsummer's coming, and our big brother Tom will sit under the tree
th his book, and Mary will beg sweet nosegays of me.

It's so tiresome! Jack wants to build a greenhouse now.
He has found some bits of broken glass and an old window-frame, and he says he knows how.
I tell him there's not glass enough, but he says there's lots.
And he's taken all the plants that belong to the bed and put them into pots.

PART III.—Recitations for Boys or Girls.

HAVE YOU PLANTED A TREE?

HENRY ABBEY.

WHAT do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship, which will cross the sea,
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the planks to withstand the gales,
The keel, the keelson, and beam and knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me;
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see:
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag;
We plant the staff for country's flag;
We plant the shade from the hot sun free;—
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

CHARLES MACKAY.

A TRAVELER through a dusty road strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root and sprouted up and grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time, to breathe its early vows,
And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place—a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought—'twas old, and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame.
The thought was small, its issue great—a watch-fire on the hill;
It sheds its radiance for a dawn, and cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied from the heart;

A whisper on the tumult thrown, a transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust, it saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last.

TAKE COURAGE.

IN this world of pain and pleasure
We are living day by day,
Waiting, sighing, longing, praying,
For the "mists to clear away."

There are times when we are dreary,
Things we ne'er can understand;
But remember all is guided,
Guided by an unseen hand;

And that if we are His children
And we love Him as we should,
That all things will work together
Ever for our own good.

Then let us go forth, heart uplifted
In silent prayer to Him,
That we may, while journeying heavenward,
Save friends from death and sin.

And I'm sure that when He calls us,
When life's race shall have been run,
We will feel more than rewarded
When He tells us, "Welcome, well done."

CAT-TAILS.

THE pretty black eyes of a little field-mouse
Looked far over the meadow one day,
And he said to his sister: "Don't stay in the house,
Let us travel." His sister said, "Yea."

So they passed by white daisies and cardinals red,
Till they came to the region of bogs.
"Oh, see that high grass with brown tops!" sister said.
"Those are cat-tails," said one of the frogs.

"Ho-ho!" and "Ha-ha!" laughed the two little mice;
"Cats delight in our innocent blood.
If those really are cat-tails—how awfully nice
All those cats must be stuck in the mud!"

GRANDPAPA.

DINAH C. MULOCH.

GRANDPAPA'S hair is very white,
And grandpapa walks but slow,
He likes to sit still in his easy-chair,
While the children come and go.
"Hush! play quietly," says mamma
"Let nobody trouble dear grandpapa."

Grandpapa's years are wearing few,
But he leaves a blessing behind—
A good life lived, and a good fight fought,
True heart and equal mind.
"Remember, my children," says mamma,
"You bear the name of your grandpapa."

OBEDIENCE.

IF you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely.

Do not make a poor excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name
Must be prompt and ready.

A GRANDMA THAT'S JUST SPLENDID.

EMMA A. OPPER.

GRANDMA'S eyes are dim,
And grandma's hair is sprinkled
With threads of white; her cap's set prim
Above a face that's wrinkled.

But grandma's eyes are kind,
And grandma's smile is cheery;
She likes our noise; she doesn't mind;
She calls us "pet" and "deary."

She lets us stay about,
She lets us try her glasses;
She says she'd be quite lost without
Her little lads and lasses.

She tells us such a lot
Of stories, with a fairy
And giant in; she knows it's what
We like—something scary.

She sings us songs, while she
  Knits on the baby's stockings;
She plays her chair's a train, and we
  Go whizzing off—a-rocking.

She makes us piles of things—
  Dresses and bibs and jackets;
She finds us buttons for our strings
  And in our biggest rackets

She never scolds at all.
  She keeps our playthings mended;
She dresses dolls. She's what we call
  A grandma that's just splendid!

LITTLE BROTHER.

LITTLE brother, darling boy,
  You are very dear to me;
I am happy, full of joy,
  When your smiling face I see.

How I wish that you could speak,
  And could know the words I say;
Pretty stories I would seek,
  To amuse you every day.

All about the honey-bees,
  Flying past us in the sun;
Birds that sing among the trees;
  Lambs that in the meadow run.

I'll be very kind to you,
  Never slap nor make you cry,
As some naughty children do,
  Quite forgetting God is nigh.

WE CAN DO SO LITTLE.

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

A LITTLE work, a little play
To keep us going—and so good day!

A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing—and so good night!

A little fun to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and so good morrow!

A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing! And so—good-bye.

SEPTEMBER.

[This description of September may be used to open a program of recitations and songs during the month named.]

THE goldenrod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down;

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest,
In every meadow nook,
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
The grape's sweet odors rise;
At noon the roadsides flutter
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens,
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather
And autumn's best of cheer.

—*Youth's Companion.*

OUR BABY.

ONE little head of yellow hair,
Two little cheeks so round and fair,
Two little lips with fragrant sighs,
One little nose and two blue eyes,
Two little hands as soft as peach,
Two little feet with five toes each,
Two little smiles and two little tears,
Two little legs and two little ears,
Two little elbows and two little knees.
One little grunt and one little sneeze,
One little heart, but no little sins,
Plenty of skirts and lots of pins,
One little cloak and plenty of frocks,
One little hood and two little socks,
A big disposition to haul and to pull,
One little stomach that's never full,
One little mouth of the rose's tint,
One little bottle of peppermint,
Plenty to eat and lots to wear—
And yet this baby is as cross as a bear.

FOR DECORATION DAY.

C. PHILLIPS.

WE love the flowers, the little flowers
So beautiful and bright;
They come to cheer our dreary hours,
They come for our delight.

We love their rich and varied hues,
Their forms, and perfume sweet;
We love to think 'tis God who strews
These blessings at our feet.

They're tokens of unfailing love,
Sweet harbingers of bliss;
They point to fairer realms above,
E'en while they brighten this.

Then let us gently lift them up,
Nor bruise the fragile stem,
Nor crush the tiny pearly cup
Wherein the dew-drops blend.

But bear them to yon hill and dell,
Where sleep the honored brave,
The heroes who in battle fell
Our own dear land to save.

There gratefully and tenderly
We'll place above each head,
The fairest of our floral gifts,
A tribute to our dead.

And with these simple offerings
Let humble prayers ascend,
That war no more shall blight our land,
No more shall slay a friend.

THE PRICE OF TRUTH.

GREAT truths are dearly bought. The common truth,
  Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walks of easy life,
  Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Great truths are greatly won, not formed by chance,
  Not wafted on the breath of summer dream,
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul
  Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

THE COB HOUSES.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

WILLIE and Charley, eight and ten,
  Were under the porch in the noonday heat;
I could hear and see the little men,
  Unseen myself in the window-seat.

Will on a cob house was hard at work,
  With a zeal that was funny enough to me;
At eight one had hardly learned to shirk;
  That comes later—as you will see.

For Charley, by virtue of riper age,
  Did nothing but stand and criticize;
His hands in his pockets, stage by stage,
  He watched the tottering castle rise.

"And now after all your fuss," says he,
  "Suppose it tumbles down again?"
"Oh," Will answers, as cool as can be,
  "Of course I should build it better then."

Charley shook sagely his curly head,
Opened his eyes of dancing brown,
And then, for a final poser, said:
"But suppose it always kept tumbling down?"

Will, however, was not of the stuff
At a loss to be taken so;
"Why then," he answered, ready enough,
"I should keep on building it better, you know."

And, seeing the wise world's hardest knot
Cut at a stroke with such simple skill,
Older people than Charley, I thought,
Might learn a lesson of Master Will!

THE WILFUL LITTLE MOUSE.

"LITTLE mouse, little mouse,
Don't go in, I say;
For if you do, depend upon it,
You'll surely rue the day."

"Why, this house is large and fine,
Just the place for me."
"Never mind, never mind,
'Tis a bait for thee."

"I have eyes to see within,
There's no danger there,
And I snuff the fragrant cheese."
"Oh, beware, beware!"

Then the wilful little mouse
Entered through the door.
And his mother in her house
Never saw him more.

SMALL THINGS.

THE little things which you may do for those about you will fall back upon your heart as the summer dews l upon the vineyards. What if it is nothing but a kind rd to a schoolboy crying in a street? It dries his tears, l the aching heart grows light and glad again. Who ows what cloud of darkness one kind word may dispel?

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN.

THERE's a tender Eastern legend,
In a volume old and rare,
Of the Christ-child in His garden,
Walking with the children there.

And it tells, this strange, sweet story,
(True or false, ah, who shall say?)
How a bird with broken pinion
Dead within the garden lay.

And the children, childish cruel,
Lifted it by shattered wing,
Shouting: "Make us merry music;
Sing, you lazy fellow, sing."

But the Christ-child bent above it,
Took it in His gentle hand,
Full of pity for the suffering
He alone could understand.

Whispered to it—oh, so softly!
Laid His lips upon its throat,

And the song-life, swift returning,
Sounded out in one glad note.

Then away, on wings unwearied,
Joyously it sang and soared,
And the little children kneeling,
Called the Christ-child, "Master, Lord."

JOLLY OLD SAINT NICHOLAS.

JOLLY old Saint Nicholas,
Lean your ear this way!
Don't you tell a single soul,
What I'm going to say;
Christmas eve is coming soon;
Now, you dear old man,
Whisper what you'll bring to me;
Tell me if you can.

When the clock is striking twelve,
When I'm fast asleep,
Down the chimney, broad and black,
With your pack you'll creep;
All the stockings you will find
Hanging in a row;
Mine will be the shortest one;
You'll be sure to know.

Johnny wants a pair of skates;
Susy wants a dolly;
Nellie wants a story-book;
She thinks dolls are folly;
As for me, my little brain
Isn't very bright.
Choose for me, old Santa Claus,
What you think is right.

WHAT THE CLOCK SAYS.

"TICK," the clock says, "tick, tick, tick;
What you have to do, do quick.
Time is gliding fast away,
Let us act, and act to-day.

"If your lesson you would get,
Do it now, and do not fret;
That alone is hearty fun
Which comes after duty done.

"When your mother calls, obey—
Do not loiter, do not stay;
Wait not for another tick.
What you have to do, do quick."

AT BEDTIME.

I KNOW a little girl
(*You?* Oh, no!)
Who, when she's asked to go to bed,
Does just so:
She lets a dozen wrinkles out
And takes the dimples in;
She puckers up her pretty lips,
And then she does begin:
"Oh, dear me, I don't see why
All the others sit up late—
And why can't I?"

Another little girl I know,
With curly pate,

Who says, "When I'm a great big girl,
I'll sit up late.
But mother says 'twill make me grow
To be an early bird."
So she and dolly trot away
Without another word.
Oh, the sunny smile and the eyes so blue,
And—why, yes, now I think of it,
She looks like you!

THE WEE-WAW LAND.

H. T. HOLLANDS.

OH, the queerest land is the Wee-Waw Land,
When cross clouds hide the sun.
The milk tastes sour, and the bread's all crust,
And nobody has any fun.

Then the boo-hoo man, with his watering-can,
Comes and sprinkles the hub-bub tree,
And the cry-baby bird sings the funniest song
When he twists up his face at me.

The marbles won't roll, and the kite won't fly,
And the top skips around on its head,
And the caramel tree grows ever so high,
And the sweet-cake woman is dead.

There's the queerest doings in Wee-Waw Land,
Till the sun slips down in the west;
Then the nap-man comes with his sleepy-cart,
And trundles them all to his nest.

MIMICKING OTHERS.

A WISE man said, hundreds of years ago, that "he never could have a good opinion of a child who makes it his study to raise a laugh by mimicking the manners, the looks, or the defects of others. A child, to have true genius, should, in my opinion, be good and virtuous. I would rather see him a little slow and dull than with a bad sort of smartness."

MEMORIAL DAY.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

NOT costly domes, nor marble towers,
Shall mark where friendship comes to weep;
Let clustering vines and fragrant flowers
Tell where the nation's heroes sleep.

They rest in many a shaded vale,
By and beneath the sounding sea;
The forest winds their requiem wail,
The glorious sons of liberty!

They merit all our hearts can give;
Our praises and our love they claim;
Long shall their precious names survive,
Held sacred by immortal fame.

Blest be the land for which they fought,—
The land where Freedom's banners wave;
The land by blood and treasure bought,
Where dwell the free, where sleep the brave.

WORK AND PLAY.

HERE at school we gather daily,
And we learn the golden rule;
Still aspiring, never tiring,
That is what we learn at school!

Lessons over, then each rover
Laughs the happy hours away;
Merry playmates, blithe and gay mates,
That's the way we do at school.

Work and play we mingle daily,
Both we do with loving zest;
Never tiring, still aspiring,
Till the sun sinks in the west.

PRECIOUS LIVES.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

BREATHE balmy airs, ye fragrant flowers,
O'er every silent sleeper's head;
Ye crystal dews and summer showers,
Dress in fresh green each lowly bed.

Strew loving offerings o'er the brave,
Their country's joy, their country's pride;
For us their precious lives they gave;
For Freedom's sacred cause they died.

Each cherished name its place shall hold,
Like stars that gem the azure sky;
Their deeds, on history's page unrolled,
Are sealed for immortality.

Long, where on Glory's field they fell,
May Freedom's spotless banner wave;
And fragrant tributes, grateful, tell,
Where live the free, where sleep the brave.

THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

HARK the sleigh-bells! how they jingle
With their joy-inspiring chime;
How their merry changes mingle
In the pleasant winter time!
Ever chiming, changing, ringing,
Ever mirth and pleasure bringing.

Gliding quickly by the rillside,
Flying through the street or alley,
Climbing slowly up the hillside,
Dashing swiftly through the valley;
Wildly shouting, laughing, singing,
And the forest echoes ringing.

Snow-flakes thick and fast descending,
White enshrouding hill and dale,
Ever rushing, mixing, blending,
With the chilling winter gale,
Covering every autumn flower
In its most secluded bower.

And the merry sleigh-bells jingle
All the livelong winter's day;
Faces, flushed and glowing, tingle,
As we dash along the way
At a speed that's quite alarming—
Isn't such a sleigh-ride charming?

CHERISHED NAMES.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

WE wreathe with flowers the peaceful graves
Where low our fallen comrades sleep;
While sunbeams smile, and verdure waves,
And dews of evening o'er them weep.

Honored and loved, each cherished name;
In vain, ye have not lived nor died;
A grateful country keeps your fame,—
A sacred trust, her joy and pride.

God bless the land ye nobly saved;
Where'er your blood has left its stain,
Where'er your conquering banner waved,
May peace prevail and Freedom reign.

SPRING IS COMING.

O THE dark days are over
When the children must stay
In the house where so soon
They grow tired of play.

O bright days are coming
When children can run
Bare-headed and bare-footed
Out in the sun.

And the flowers will spring up
That in slumber have lain,
And the birds will come back
From the south-land again.

And all the small things
  Shall be joyous and free,
And the wonder go on
  For the children to see.

SCHOOL-TIME.

SEPTEMBER sunshine, warm and low,
  On all the hills is lying,
But through the fields and pastures go
  The vagrant breezes, sighing.
The butterflies flit aimlessly
  Above the short, green clover;
The squirrel with his glancing eye
  Has searched the woodland over.

Upon the beach the white sands lie,
  Unstirred by little fingers;
The bright waves lapse reluctantly,
  The last unnoticed lingers.
The shrunken brook goes murmuring by,
  All its brown pebbles showing;
The robins sing, complainingly,
  "We may as well be going."

But in the weed-choked paths once more,
  And where rank grass was growing,
The schoolhouse's dingy door before,
  The little feet are going.
"Good-bye," they say, "dear hill and sea,
  Good-bye, sweet summer pleasures,
Keep safe for us, O field and tree,
  Our precious forest treasures!"

TEMPERANCE ALPHABET.

A IS for adder,
It lives in the cup;
The drunkard don't see it,
And so drinks it up.

M is for monkey,
Who is wiser than men;
If you once get him drunk
You can't do it again.

W is for wine,
So sparkling and red;
Drink it not or you'll find
It plays tricks with your head.

WASHINGTON.

W. W. CALDWELL.

WHAT sacred memories entwine
Around the name of one
To whom this day is dedicate,—
The name of Washington.

Of goodly ancestry he came,
Born on Virginia's soil;
From youth a busy life he led,
Inured to manly toil.

When perils threatened all the land,
And all seemed dark as night,
He left Mount Vernon's classic shades
To battle for the right.

But when success had crowned our arms,
And joy had followed pain,
He gladly laid his armor down,
And home returned again.

True man and patriot was he,
As all the world doth own;
A hero of the noblest type,
Worthy the highest crown.

And to the country that he saved
What shall his memory be?
First in our hearts will he remain,
Revered from sea to sea!

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

LENA E. FAULDS.

LIFT it high, our glorious banner;
Let it wave upon the breeze;
Freedom's starry emblem ever,—
Lift it high o'er land and seas.

Many conflicts it has witnessed,
Many stories it could tell
Of the brave who fought around it,
Of the brave who 'neath it fell.

Scenes of woe and desolation,
Scenes of joy o'er victories won;
Scenes of rest and peaceful union;
Freedom now for every one.

Lift the flag, then, high above us,
May it wave till time shall cease;
And its record for the future
Be of happiness and peace.

WILL.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE human will, that force unseen,
The offspring of a deathless soul
Can hew the way to any goal,
Though walls of granite intervene.

Be not impatient in delay,
But wait as one who understands,
When spirit rises and commands,
The gods are ready to obey.

The river seeking for the sea,
Confronts the dam and precipice,
Yet knows it can not fail or miss!
You will be what you will to be!

THE NEW MOON.

MRS. FOLLEN.

DEAR mother, how pretty the moon looks to-night!
She was never so cunning before;
Her two little horns are so sharp and so bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there, with you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely, you see;
I'd sit in the middle and hold by both ends;
Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be!

I would call to the stars to keep out of the way,
Lest we should rock over their toes;
And then I would rock till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay in the beautiful skies,
  And through the bright clouds we would roam;
We would see the sun set and see the sun rise,
  And on the next rainbow come home.

SONG OF THE WIND.

I'VE a great deal to do, a great deal to do;
  Don't speak to me, children, I pray!
These little boys' hats must be blown off their heads,
  And the little girls' bonnets away.

There are bushels of apples to gather to-day;
  And oh! there's no end to the nuts;
Over many long roads I must travel away,
  Through many by-lanes and short cuts.

There are thousands of leaves lying lazily here,
  That needs must be whirled round and round;
A rickety house wants to see me, I know,
  In the most distant part of the town.

The rich nabob's coat must have a good shake,
  Though he does hold his head pretty high;
And I must not slight Bessie who washes so nice,
  And has just hung her clothes out to dry.

I saw some ships leaving the harbor to-day;
  So I'll e'en go and help them along,
And flap the white sails, and howl through the shrouds,
  And join in the sailor boys' song.

Then I'll mount to the clouds, and away they will sail
  On their gorgeous wings through the bright sky;
I bow to no mandate, save only to Him
  Who reigneth in glory on high.

BUTTERCUP, POPPY, FORGET-ME-NOT.

EUGENE FIELD.

BUTTERCUP, poppy, forget-me-not,
These three bloomed in a garden-spot;
And once, all merry with song and play,
A little one heard three voices say:
"Shine or shadow, summer or spring—
O thou child with the tangled hair
And laughing eyes—we three shall bring
Each an offering, passing fair!"
The little one did not understand,
But they bent and kissed the dimpled hand.

Buttercup gamboled all day long,
Sharing the little one's mirth and song;
Then, stealing along on misty gleams,
Poppy came, bringing the sweetest dreams,
Playing and dreaming—that was all,
Till once the sleeper would not awake;
Kissing the little face under the pall,
We thought of the words the third flower spake.
And we found, betimes, in a hallowed spot
The solace and peace of forget-me-not.

Buttercup shareth the joy of day,
Glinting with gold the hours of play;
Bringeth the poppy sweet repose,
When the hands would fold and the eyes would close
And after it all—the play and the sleep
Of a little life—what cometh then?
To the hearts that ache and the eyes that weep,
A wee flower bringeth God's peace again.
Each one serveth its tender lot—
Buttercup, poppy, forget-me-not.

LITTLE THINGS.

THE little things of to-day may grow into great things of to-morrow. The boy who is selfish with his toys and sweetmeats will be so with his wealth and influence when a man; for the heart grows harder by the flight of time. "Little things and little people have often brought great things to pass."

A drop of water falling upon a block of marble makes no perceptible impression, and yet the continual falling of those little drops upon that block will wear it away.

Away up on some mountain there bubbles a spring of water, sending its streamlet to the valley below, where it gathers rivulets from the hillsides, the whole flowing on and becoming wider and deeper—stronger and swifter, until we behold the majestic river emptying its waters into gulf and ocean.

THE DOG'S CONFESSION.

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

I DIDN'T take it, indeed, not I.
I'll tell you the story; I'll tell you why
I passed by the larder, miss, all by myself,
And I saw a fowl on the larder shelf.

I peeped through the door, and I said to Myself:
"Don't you think that's a fowl on the larder shelf?"
"There's not the least doubt of it," answered Myself;
"It's a very fat fowl on the larder shelf."

"Well, there, never mind it," said I to Myself;
"Come away, and don't look at the larder shelf."

So I ran off at once, miss, but somehow Myself,
When *I* wasn't looking, climbed up on the shelf.

But I caught him and scolded that wicked Myself.
"Come down, sir," I told him, "come down from the shelf."
But he would not obey me, that wicked Myself,
For he ate all the fowl on the larder shelf.

WINIFRED WATERS.

WINIFRED WATERS sat and sighed
Under a weeping willow;
When she went to bed she cried,
Wetting all the pillow.
Kept on crying night and day,
Till her friends lost patience:
"What shall we do to stop her, pray?"
So said her relations.

"Send her to the sandy plains,
In the zone called Torrid;
Send her where it never rains,
Where the heat is horrid.
Mind that she has only flour
For her daily feeding;
Let her have a page an hour
Of the dryest reading.

"When the poor girl has endured
Six months of this drying,
Winifred will come back cured,
Let us hope, of crying.
Then she will not, day by day,
Make those mournful faces;
And we shall not have to say:
"Wring her pillow-cases."

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

HERE I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside.
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
You can not see me coming,
Nor hear my low, sweet humming
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

HOW SOAP WAS FIRST MADE.

SOME water and oil,
One day had a broil
As down in a glass they were dropping,
And would not unite,
But continued to fight,
Without any prospect of stopping.

Some pearlash o'erheard,
And quick as a word
He jumped in the midst of the clashing;
When all three agreed
And united with speed,
And soap was created for washing.

A CHILD'S GOOD-BYE TO THE OLD YEAR.

GOOD-BYE, Old Year,
We've had our times of fun and play,
But now thy hair is turning gray
Like grandpa's dear,
And thou wilt leave us, so they say.
Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye.

Shake hands, old friend,
Before we part, and bless me, too;
I have so much to learn, to do,
So much to mend.
How faults can spoil a whole life through,
I comprehend.
Good-bye, old friend, good-bye.

THE SCHOOLROOM I LOVE THE BEST.

KATHERINE LEE BATES.

I HAVE closed my books, and hidden my slate,
And thrown my satchel across the gate.
My school is out for a season of rest,
And now for the schoolroom I love the best.

My schoolroom lies on the meadow wide,
Where under the clover the sunbeams hide;
Where the long vines cling to the mossy bars,
And the daisies twinkle like fallen stars;

Where clusters of buttercups gild the scene,
Like showers of gold-dust thrown over the green,
And the wind's flying footsteps are traced, as they pass,
By the dance of the sorrel and dip of the grass.

My lessons are written in clouds and trees,
And no one whispers, except the breeze,
Who sometimes blows, from a secret place,
A stray, sweet blossom against my face.

My school-bell rings in the rippling stream,
Which hides itself, like a schoolboy's dream,
Under the shadow and out of sight,
But laughing still for its own delight.

My schoolmates there are the birds and bees,
And the saucy squirrel, more dull than these,
For he only learns, in all the weeks,
How many chestnuts will fill his cheeks.

My teacher is patient, and never yet
A lesson of hers did I once forget;
For wonderful lore do her lips impart,
And all her lessons are learned by heart.

O come! O come! or we shall be late,
And autumn will fasten the golden gate.

LEARN EVERYTHING YOU CAN.

LEARN everything you can. It will all come in play. A little systematic endeavor—one hour or even half an hour a day—and a man may be considered learned before he dies. Learn thoroughly what you do learn, be it ever so little, and you may speak of it with confidence. Let the end alone! Begin to learn. Do what you can to-day, to-morrow; and though after all it prove to be but a mere smattering, you have gathered some intelligence on one point more than you had before, and you have found happiness in seeking it.

THE DEADLY CUP.

THE deadly cup,—which others drink,
We'll never, never taste it;
It lures us on to ruin's brink,
And thousands have confessed it;
Come, boys and girls, the pledge we'll sign,
Be temperance sons and daughters;
We'll banish brandy, rum and wine,
And drink the crystal waters.

THERE WAS A LITTLE BOY.

THERE was a little boy, with two little eyes,
And he had a little head that was just the proper size,
And two little arms, and two little hands;
On two little legs this little boy stands.

Now this little boy would now and then be cross,
Because he could only be the very thing he was;
He wanted to be this, then he wanted to be that;
His head was full of wishes underneath his little hat:

"I wish I was a drummer, to beat a kettle-drum;
I wish I was a giant, to say fee-fo-fi-faw-fum;
I wish I was a captain, to go sailing in a ship;
I wish I was a huntsman, to crack a nice new whip.

"I wish I was a horse, to go sixty miles an hour;
I wish I was the man that stays up in the lighthouse tower;
I wish I was a sea-gull with two long wings;
I wish I was a traveler, to see all sorts of things.

"I wish I was a carpenter; I wish I was a lord;
I wish I was a soldier with a pistol and a sword;

I wish I was the man that goes up high in the balloon;
I wish, I wish, I wish I could be something else soon."

But all the wishing in the world is not a bit of use;
That little boy this very day he stands in his own shoes;
That little boy is still but little Master What-do-you-call,
As much as if that little boy had never wished at all.

AT BOARDING-SCHOOL.

MARY CHAHOON.

HE was writing a note to his mother,
For you see he had so much to say,
A great many questions to ask her,—
He had been from home nearly a day.

Of course, he must be very careful
Not to tell her he missed her to-night,
Nor how he had worked all day, trying
To keep the tears back out of sight.

But he'd ask if the pony was lonesome
And whether the kittens had grown,
And if Jack had his place at the table
Close by her—"But it isn't his own,

"And you tell him he can only keep it
Just while I'm away." This he wrote
While the tears kept coming and coming,
And big lumps swelled up in his throat.

Then he told her what he'd been doing
Since he left home such ages ago;
'Twas really only this morning,
But some days are long ones, you know.

"Give my best love to Jack and the puppies,
I must get into bed, mamma dear."
Then the poor little baby lips trembled
As he added, "I wish you were here.

"I do want to say good night awful,
I wonder so much if you know;
But, mamma," the sobs now come faster,
"Don't think I'm one bit homesick, though!"

THE SKY IS A DRINKING-CUP.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

THE sky is a drinking-cup
That was overturned of old,
And it pours in the eyes of men
Its wine of airy gold.

We drink that wine all day,
Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
By the jewels in the cup.

SO LITTLE.

SO little, and yet mamma says
I may be just as good
As those whose greater words and works
Are better understood.

And I can say my little prayer,
Beside her gentle knee,
And feel the Saviour has a care
Of little ones like me.

THE LITTLE DREAMER.

A LITTLE boy was dreaming,
Upon his nurse's lap,
That the pin fell out of all the stars,
And the stars fell in his cap.

So, when his dream was over,
What should this little boy do?
Why, he went and looked inside his cap,
And found it wasn't true!

PIGGY AND THE CROWS.

THERE were six little crows so terribly thin,
Their bones were coming right through their skin,
And though each gobbled enough for three,
They still were as thin as thin could be!

And there was a pig so dreadfully fat,
That, panting and puffing, all day he sat;
And though he never ate dinner or tea,
He still was as fat as fat could be!

"Piggy, dear piggy, what shall we do
To make ourselves plumpety-plump like you?
We find it is getting a serious matter
To eat so much and become no fatter."

The pig gave vent to the ghost of a grin,
"Be thankful you're nothing but bones and skin;
If I, my dears, were a good deal thinner,
I shouldn't be killed for somebody's dinner!"

A HARD WORD.

PERSEVERANCE! Can you spell it?
And its meaning, can you tell it?
If you stick to what you're doing,
Study, work, or play pursuing,
Every failure bravely meeting,
Bravely each attempt repeating,
Trying twice and thrice and four times,
Yes, a hundred—even more times,
You can spell it! You can spell it!
And its meaning, you can tell it!

A GAME OF TAG.

A GRASSHOPPER once had a game of tag
With some crickets that lived near by,
When he stubbed his toe and over he went
In the twinkling of an eye.

Then the crickets leaned up against the fence
And laughed till their sides were sore,
But the grasshopper said: "You are laughing at me,
And I sha'n't play any more."

So off he went, though he wanted to stay,
For he was not hurt by the fall,
And the gay little crickets went on with the game,
And never missed him at all.

A bright-eyed squirrel called out as he passed,
Swinging from a tree by his toes,
"What a foolish fellow that grasshopper is;
Why, he bit off his own little nose!"

A GOOD RULE.

IF I have anything to do,
I'll do it right away,
And when I on an errand go,
I will not stop to play.

SEPTEMBER.

ADELAIDE V. FINCH.

THE early morning air, refreshing, cool, and sweet;
The dew all on the clovers nodding at our feet;
The warm sun of the noon-time glist'ning on the mere,—
All surely come to tell us, "September days are here."

AN OLD RAT'S TALE.

HE was a rat and she was a rat,
And down in one hole they did dwell;
And both were as black as a witch's cat,
And they loved each other well.
He had a tail and she had a tail,
Both long and curling and fine;
And each said: "Yours is the finest tail
In the world, excepting mine."
He smelt the cheese and she smelt the cheese,
And they both pronounced it good;
And both remarked it would greatly add
To the charm of their daily food.
So he ventured out and she ventured out,
And I saw them go with pain;
But what befell them I never can tell,
For they never came back again.

MAY-DAY.

THE daisies peep from every field,
And violets sweet their odors yield;
The purple blossom paints the thorn,
And streams reflect the blush of morn,
Then, lads and lassies, all be gay,
For this is nature's holiday.

PART IV.—Dialogues for Boys.

A NOBLE ANSWER.

CHARACTERS: { MR. BROWN. MR. SMITH. WILLIE.

SCENE: MR. BROWN and MR. SMITH standing near table, glasses and bottle on it. Enter WILLIE.

MR. BROWN. I can get that boy to drink this glass of wine.

MR. SMITH. No, you can not, for he has signed the pledge.

MR. BROWN. You wait here and see if I don't.

[*Enter* WILLIE. MR. BROWN *offers him a glass of wine.*]

WILLIE. No, thank you, sir, I don't drink. I've signed the pledge.

MR. BROWN. If you drink this I'll give you a half dollar.

WILLIE. No, sir, I will not drink.

MR. BROWN. I'll give you more, if you drink it. I'll give you a whole dollar.

WILLIE [*resolutely*]. No, sir.

MR. BROWN. Will you drink it if I give you this? [*Shows* WILLIE *a gold eagle.* WILLIE *looks at it longingly.*]

WILLIE. No, sir.

MR. BROWN [*pulls out a silver watch, shows it to* WILLIE]. I will give you this silver watch if you drink it.

WILLIE. Sir, if I don't drink, I may some day have a gold watch.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

CHARLES SUMNER.

Arranged as a dialogue by M. S. T.

CHARACTERS: Eight boys, four large and four small; three dressed to represent the red, white and blue of the flag. First, second, third and fourth boys have large flags in right hands.

ARRANGEMENT: Form in two rows, four in a row, eighteen inches between each boy and eighteen inches between the two rows. Front row to be made up of four large boys, back row of four small boys.

POSITIONS OF SPEAKERS: First Boy—right hand side, front row.

Second Boy—next to first boy, front row.

Third Boy—next to second boy, front row.

Fourth Boy—next to third boy, front row.

Fifth Boy—dressed in red cheesecloth, stands directly behind second boy. When his turn comes to speak, he walks between first and second boys and stands still before he speaks.

Sixth Boy—dressed in white cheesecloth, stands directly behind third boy. When his turn comes to speak, he walks between second and third boys, and stands still before he speaks.

Seventh Boy—dressed in blue cheesecloth, stands directly behind fourth boy. When his turn comes to speak, he steps between third and fourth boys, and stands still before he speaks.

Eighth Boy—stands directly behind first boy. When his turn comes to speak, he walks in front of first boy and stands with side front and face toward the boys who have just spoken. Looking at the boys impressively and then at the audience, he says his part.

FIRST BOY. There is the National Flag! [*Pointing at it.*] He must be cold indeed who can look upon its folds rippling in the breeze without pride of country. . . . . It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air, but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice.

SECOND BOY. Its stripes [*pointing at them*] of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen States to maintain the Declaration of Independence.

THIRD BOY. Its stars [*pointing at them*], white on a field of blue, proclaim that union of States constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new State. The stripes and stars together signify union, past and present.

FOURTH BOY. The very colors [*pointing at them*] have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers.

FIFTH BOY [*stepping forward*]. Red is for valor.

SIXTH BOY [*stepping forward*]. White is for purity.

SEVENTH BOY [*stepping forward*]. Blue is for justice.

EIGHTH BOY. And all together—bunting, stripes, stars, and colors, blazing in the sky—make the flag of our country, to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

NAUGHTY WORDS.

CHARACTERS: Two schoolboys, books under arms, walking slowly along, talking softly. Suddenly CHARLIE speaks very earnestly.

CHARLIE. I don't want to hear naughty words.

WILLIE. Oh, don't you, indeed. Why they won't hurt you. They go in at one ear and out at the other.

CHARLIE. No, they don't. When naughty words get in, they stick, and so I mean to do my best to keep them out.

BETTER WHISTLE THAN WHINE.

CHARACTERS: Two boys, CHARLEY and JIMMIE, with school-books under their arms.

SCENE: Enter CHARLEY and JIMMIE very quickly. JIMMIE stumbles and falls flat; books fly in every direction; he cries. CHARLEY tries to help him up and make him forget his hurt.

CHARLEY. Oh, never mind, Jimmie, don't whine; it is a great deal better to whistle. [CHARLEY *begins to whistle "Yankee Doodle" merrily.*]

JIMMIE [*trying to join in the whistle*]. I can't whistle as nice as you, Charley. My lips won't pucker up good.

CHARLEY. Oh, that is because you have not got all the whine out yet. But you try a minute, and the whistle will drive the whine all away.

[JIMMIE *tries harder, standing by* CHARLEY'S *side. Soon his face lights up and both boys then whistle merrily for a minute.*]

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE FERRYMAN.

CHARACTERS: Two boys--a PHILOSOPHER, with glasses on and long-tailed coat; a FERRYMAN, with red face and rough clothes.

SCENE: FERRYMAN stands near a barrel; a coil of rope lies at his feet. Enter PHILOSOPHER slowly; stands still when near FERRYMAN, looks at him.

PHILOSOPHER. Do you understand algebra?

FERRYMAN [*looking astonished*]. Algebra! No, sir; never heard of it before.

PHIL. I'm very sorry, for one-quarter of your life is gone. [FERRYMAN *looks off in the distance, placing hand above eyes to shade them.* PHILOSOPHER *stands looking at his feet, thinking deeply. Looks again toward* FERRYMAN.] Do you know anything of geology?

FERRY. [*smiling*]. No.

PHIL. Well, then, another quarter of your life is gone. [*Waits a second.*] Do you understand astronomy?

FERRY. Oh, no, no! Never heard of such a thing.

PHIL. Well, then, my friend, another quarter of your life is gone.

[*Just then have a great crashing sound as though a hole was punched in the side of a boat.*]

FERRY. [*pulling off coat in great haste, looking earnestly at* PHILOSOPHER]. Sir, can you swim?

PHIL. No, I can't.

FERRY. Well, then, your whole life is lost, for the boat is going to the bottom.

PROVING THE QUESTION.

CHARACTERS: JOHNNY and his UNCLE.

SCENE: JOHNNY sitting on a stool with slate and pencil, looking at an example on his slate. UNCLE sits near him reading a paper.

JOHNNY. I can do the question easy enough, but when it comes to proving it, that's too much.

UNCLE. Look closely at the work, my boy, and see if you haven't made a mistake.

JOHNNY. I have looked, Uncle, and there is no mistake.

UNCLE. Try again. Go back to the very beginning.

JOHNNY. Nine from eight I can not take, so I take one from the next which leaves that five and makes eight, eighteen. Nine from eighteen, nine. Oh, there is the mistake! Who would have thought such a little mistake in the beginning would make it all wrong?

UNCLE. Ah, there it is, my boy. Be careful of the beginnings. Be very careful of the first figures, the first habits of speech, of manners, of morals, or you may find it hard to make correct proof of the great problem of your life.

WHAT I WOULD BE.

D. A. HEYWOOD.

[For a class of nine small boys, the smallest taking the last verse.]

FIRST BOY. I want to be a farmer,
And when the summer's o'er
Like Bun, the squirrel, gather
My grain for winter's store.

SECOND BOY. I'd like to be a merchant
And sell my pretty toys
To Santa for his presents
To all good girls and boys.

THIRD BOY. I'd like to be a sailor,
A seaman bold and free;
I'd visit strange, far countries
Across the broad, blue sea.

FOURTH BOY. I'd like to be a soldier,
With uniform so gay;
I'd never play the coward,
Nor from battle run away.

FIFTH BOY. I wish to be a doctor;
I'll give you bitter pills,
I'll blister and I'll bleed you
And cure you of all ills.

SIXTH BOY. I'd like to be a lawyer
And plead a case for you;
Not a naughty, fibbing lawyer,
But one that's good and true.

SEVENTH BOY. I think—I'm almost certain—
I'll be a railroad man,
And when you wish to journey
I'll pass you if I can.

EIGHTH BOY. I'll be a "real live teacher,"
Oh! very, very, wise—
Not a bit of naughty mischief
Would 'scape my watchful eyes.

NINTH BOY. Now, do not laugh, good people,
You may live to see me there,
I aspire to nothing lower
Than the Presidential chair.

ORDERS NOT TO GO.

CHARACTERS: JOHN and five other boys.

SCENE: JOHN, walking along, sees five boys standing in a group talking; he smiles at them, bows and moves on. One of the group says something in a low tone to JOHN; he shakes his head.

JOHN. I've got orders, positive orders, not to go there—orders that I dare not disobey.

BOYS. Come, don't be so womanish. Come along like a man! [*Shouted by the boys.*]

JOHN. No, I can't break orders.

BOYS. What special orders have you got? Come, show them to us, if you can [*sneering*]. Show us your orders.

JOHN [*takes a pocketbook out of pocket, opens it, takes out a neatly folded paper*]. It's here. [*Unfolding paper and showing it to the boys.*]

BOYS [*look and read aloud from the paper*]. "Enter not into the path of the wicked man. Avoid it; pass not by it; turn from it, and pass away." [*Looking surprised.*]

JOHN. Boys, you know that a smoking and gambling saloon is the path for a wicked man, and I do not intend to take that path. Come with me, and we will go where it is right to go—across the fields into God's sunlight, and we can play ball.

PART V.—Dialogues for Girls.

THE LITTLE MOTHERS.

MAY FLOYD.

CHARACTERS: Three little girls with dolls; one little girl sewing.

SCENE: ALICE rocking her doll in the cradle; MARY carrying hers in her arms; NELLIE rocking her doll on her lap; ADDIE sitting a little apart from the rest sewing.

NELLIE [*singing*]. Rock-a-by, baby,
On the tree-top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock;
When the bough bends
The cradle will fall,
Down comes rock-a-by,
Baby and all.

ALICE [*softly*]. Hush, everybody, I want to get my baby to sleep. [*Rocks earnestly, bending over the cradle.*]

MARY [*stopping in her walk*]. My baby can sleep just as well if there is a noise, only I must carry her.

NELLIE [*to* ALICE]. Do you always rock your baby when you put her to sleep?

ALICE. Oh, yes, and everybody must be just as quiet. The poor child is nervous, like her mother. Aren't you, darling?

MARY. I'm afraid you did not begin right with her. If you had never rocked her, she would go to sleep without it.

[MARY *walks back and forth*, ALICE *rocks her cradle, while* NELLIE *sings again.*]

ALICE. You sing sweetly, Nellie, but my baby must be just as quiet.

NELLIE. But my baby won't go to sleep unless I sing to her.

ALICE. Then I'll have to take my cradle in the other room and shut the door.

[*Carries cradle out and shuts the door. She should appear a little decided, as though* NELLIE *ought not to sing and trouble her baby.* MARY *still carries her doll.* NELLIE *sings and uses her own hand as though amusing her baby, folding each finger when she sings about it. While she sings,* MARY *should lift up her doll as though it is interested, listening. If she walks so that* NELLIE *is behind her, she should let the doll look over her shoulder.*]

NELLIE [*singing*]. Go to sleep, little thumb, that's one;
Go to sleep, pointing finger, two;
Go to sleep, middle finger, three;
Go to sleep, ring finger, four;
Go to sleep, little finger, five.
I'll tuck them, I'll tuck them,
Snugly all in bed;
Sound asleep, let naught be said,
Do not early wake them.

MARY. I should think that would keep her awake. It does my dolly.

NELLIE. Well, I thought I'd try to amuse her. She watches you all the time.

MARY. Why, what for?

NELLIE. She wants me to carry her, too.

MARY. I suppose I ought to take my dolly to another room, too, for she can't stand singing either. You've wakened her twice.

NELLIE. I thought she never minded any noise.

MARY. Well, she seldom does. But she is very wakeful to-day. [*Exit* MARY.]

ADDIE. The best way is to put your dollies on the bed and let them put themselves to sleep. That is what I did and now

I can sew. You are making yourselves lots of trouble by not training your children right.

NELLIE. I believe you are right. I must go and tell the other girls—I mean, mothers, poor things! I expect they are tired out. Babies are so much trouble. I know it, because I have heard my mamma say it so many times.

ADDIE. And I will go with you, as my work is all done now.

LITTLE MARY AND HER BIRDIE.

CHARACTERS: { MARY. BIRDIE.

SCENE: A nest made of hay and BIRDIE in it. MARY standing near.

MARY. Little bird, little bird, tell me true,
What have you done with your eggs so blue?

BIRDIE. I kept them warm with my brooding wings,
Till these birdies came, the wee, wee things.

MARY. Little bird, little bird, can they fly
Up with you to the clear sky?

BIRDIE. Not yet, little Mary, their tiny wings
Are two weak to fly, the wee, wee things.

MARY. Little bird, little bird, tell me true,
Does the good God love little birds like you?

BIRDIE. Oh, yes, little Mary, He loves us all,
And watches even the sparrows fall.

MARY. Little bird, little bird, can it be
That the good God loves little girls like me?

BIRDIE. Oh, yes, little girl, 'tis indeed true,
He dearly loves little girls like you.

THE BUG-A-BOO.

CHARACTERS: { SUE. BELLE.

COSTUMES: White aprons and calico dresses and two dolls.

SCENE: Girls seated on stools playing with their dolls; suddenly they lay dolls on the floor and draw near together.

SUE. I'll tell you something, dear little Belle,
If you're certain, sure, you'll never tell.

[BELLE *shakes head, indicating that she will not tell.*]

Well, then, you dear little maid,
My papa, a great big man, is afraid.

BELLE. Oh, isn't that funny enough, dear Sue!
Your papa is afraid, and mine is, too!
Not of bears, or tigers, or bumblebees,—
It is something a thousand times worse than these.
It's a terrible thing that goes up and down
Through every city, village and town,
And my papa says, he almost knows
That things will be ruined wherever it goes.

SUE. Yes, is it not dreadful? It makes me sigh
To know it will swear and steal and lie.
I expect it has horns and cloven feet,—
And, Belle, what do you suppose it will eat?

[*They draw chairs closer together and look about as if half afraid. Suddenly they jump as if scared, then look at each other.*]

BELLE. Oh, and its name is so dreadful, too,
Does your papa call it "Republican," Sue?

SUE [*shaking head*]. Oh, no, indeed, it can't be that,
For my papa calls it a "Democrat."

BEAUTIFUL FEET.

CHARACTERS: { MOTHER. DAUGHTER.

SCENE: Walking slowly together.

DAUGHTER. Mother, what ugly feet Clara Harvey has.

[*They stop walking and face slightly toward each other.*]

MOTHER. I think Clara Harvey has the most beautiful feet of any girl in the village.

DAUGHTER. Why, mother, just look at them!

MOTHER. "Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe,
Through summer's heat and winter's snow."

Now, Clara Harvey's feet are always carrying her on errands of mercy—sometimes to read to blind Peggy, sometimes to amuse poor lame Eddie West. I think her feet must be beautiful indeed.

EDITH'S COMPLAINTS

CHARACTERS: { MAMMA. EDITH.

SCENE: MAMMA sitting in a chair near a table, sewing; EDITH leaning against the seat of a chair.

EDITH. I'm so tired of winter. I want to go out and play in the yard. Why does spring never come, mamma?

MAMMA. It isn't time for spring yet.

EDITH. How soon will it be time?

MAMMA. In a month or so. I should think a little girl with so many playthings might manage to amuse herself.

EDITH. No, I can't [*whining*]. If I only had a wax doll and a playhouse like Maud Irving's, I might; but I'm tired of all my old things.

MAMMA [*laying down sewing and taking* EDITH *on her lap*]. Tired of winter! A little girl with nice warm clothes and good shoes on her feet and warm carpets to walk on and a glowing fire in the grate and plenty of good food. How must those little children feel who have none of these?

EDITH. Are there any little children like that [*interested*], and where do they live?

MAMMA. Yes, hundreds of them, and they live in filthy alleys or in lonely cabins.

EDITH. Oh, dear [*sighing*]! Why don't their parents take care of them?

MAMMA. Some of them have no parents, and some worse than none—drunken fathers and mothers who beat them and abuse them and teach them sinful ways.

EDITH. Poor little things! But, mamma, may be it's sinful to complain when I have such a good home as this. I'll try and not do it any more, even if I am tired of winter.

THE VOICE.

CHARACTERS: Two girls in clean white aprons.

SCENE: Playing in the dirt in different parts of the place.

MAY. What do you want, Mattie?

MATTIE. I don't want anything.

MAY. What did you call me for, then?

MATTIE. I didn't call you.

MAY. Why, Mattie Smith! I heard you just as plain as day. You said, "May, May!"

MATTIE. No, I didn't either; I never called you one bit.

MAY. Oh! What a sto—— [*Stops and looks sober.*] I'll tell you what, Mattie [*softly*], I guess it was Conscience

called, because we're playing in the dirt and mamma said we must not get our dresses dirty to-day, for her head aches so badly she can't mend our others.

MATTIE. May be it was. Come, let's go in.

THE DIFFERENCE.

CHARACTERS: Three girls.

FIRST GIRL. There was an old lady all dressed in silk,
Who lived upon lemons and buttermilk;
And thinking this world a sour old place,
She carried its acid all over her face.

SECOND GIRL. Another old lady, all dressed in patches,
Lived upon nothing but lucifer matches;
So the world it made her strangle and cough,
And as sure as you rubbed her you set her off.

THIRD GIRL. Another old lady, all sunny and neat,
Who lived upon sugar and everything neat,
Declared, when she heard of their troubles, she "never!"
For the world was so nice she could live on forever.

ALL THE GIRLS. Now, children, take your choice
Of the food your hearts shall eat;
There are sourish thoughts, and brimstone thoughts,
And thoughts all good and sweet.
And whatever the heart feeds on,
Dear children, trust to me,
Is precisely what this queer old world
Will seem to you to be.

TILL CHRISTMAS.

CHARACTERS: { MAMMA. ANNIE.

SCENE: MAMMA sitting in an arm-chair; girl in a low chair near.

ANNIE [*counting the days till Christmas*]. One, three, nine, seven days to Christmas. How long, mamma, will it be, anyway?

MAMMA. One month.

ANNIE. One month! Is that long, mamma?

MAMMA. No, not very long when one has plenty to do.

ANNIE. Will Santa Claus bring me anything this Christmas?

MAMMA. Oh, yes, because you have been a very good little girl and because you have helped mamma so much.

ANNIE. I'm so glad, mamma, I'll try and be good all the time.

MAMMA. I'm sure you will. Come, now, Annie, and let me tie on your bonnet and we will go for a walk.

THE GOSSIPS.

CHARACTERS: Five little girls.

COSTUMES: Hats on heads, carrying open parasols, shopping-bags, etc.

GOSSIP ONE [*to* GOSSIP TWO]. While shopping in the town,
Old Mr. Pry to me remarked,
Smith bought his goods of Brown.

OTHER GOSSIPS. Of Brown?

GOSSIP ONE. Of Brown.

GOSSIPS ALL. Smith *bought* his goods of Brown!

GOSSIP TWO [*to* GOSSIP THREE, *looking down*]. I've heard it said to-day, my friend,
Smith got his goods of Brown.

OTHER GOSSIPS. Of Brown?
GOSSIP TWO. Of Brown.
GOSSIPS ALL. Smith *got* his goods from Brown.
GOSSIP THREE [*to* GOSSIP FOUR, *frowning*]. To-day I've heard, what do you think?
Smith *took* his goods from Brown!
OTHER GOSSIPS. From Brown?
GOSSIP THREE. From Brown.
GOSSIPS ALL. Smith *took* his goods from Brown!
GOSSIP FOUR [*to* GOSSIP FIVE]. I've heard to-day such shocking news,
Smith *stole* his goods from Brown!
OTHER GOSSIPS. From Brown?
GOSSIP FOUR. From Brown.
GOSSIPS ALL. Smith *stole* his goods from Brown!

THE CHILDREN'S VOW.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

[Three girls stand in a row. Each girl steps slightly forward to say her part and steps back when finished.]

FIRST GIRL. Cider I will not sip,
It shall not pass my lip,
Because it has made drunkards by the score.
The apples I will eat,
But cider, hard or sweet,
I will not touch, or taste, or handle more.

SECOND GIRL. The ruddy-red wine-cup
I never will lift up,
A snake is coiled beneath the gleaming wine;
A deadly-poison thing,
And he will bite and sting;
I see his fierce eyes through the bubbles shine.

THIRD GIRL. I will not taste of gin,
It leads to vice and sin;
And so do brandy, ale, and rum and beer.
But God has made a drink
Better than all, I think—
Cold water; that we never need to fear.

It does not steal our brains,
It does not give us pains,
It quenches thirst, and does not leave a sting.
That is the drink for me—
Cold water, pure and free,
That gushes from the pearly mountain-spring.

PART VI.—Dialogues for Boys and Girls.

THE APPLES.

CHARACTERS: FARMER WELLS. WIFE. BILL. JOE. TOM.

SCENE: WIFE seated near table, three boys standing at other side of the room together. Enter FARMER WELLS and stands near WIFE.

FARMER WELLS. Where shall they go?
Mind, apples are cheap and cider sells—
Shall they go to the press or the market-place!

BILL, JOE, TOM. To the cider mill!
And then when the sleighers come, you know,
We'll have plenty of good hard cider to drink.

JOE. The barrel that stands by the potato pile,
Sounds like a drum.

BILL. I pulled the spile of the other one,
And it wouldn't flow.

FARMER WELLS. Now, boys, be still,
And let your mother have her say.

WIFE [*looking at boys with an air of pride*]. 'Tis plain,
That whether apples be cheap or dear,
Our cider-making is little gain.
And, somehow, of late it comes to me—
Perhaps you will think me overnice—
That this social sipping yet may be
To our feet a sloping plain of ice.
When I go to the cellar about the work,
And see those barrels against the wall,
I can't help fearing that there may lurk
A serpent that yet may sting us all.
There's something said in the Bible, John—
How is it? My memory plays the slip;
But it's something about the awful wrong
Of putting the cup to our neighbor's lip.

FARMER WELLS. Enough, I know your will;
And perhaps your caution is wise, withal.
I'll drive the wagon over the hill,
And back it up to my market-stall.

A SWEET ANSWER.

SCENE: Boy and girl sitting on the floor playing with building-blocks. Suddenly the boy slaps the girl on cheek,—she knocks down a block. The girl cries; the boy looks at her speculatively for a full second.

BOY. I didn't mean to hurt you. I am very sorry.

GIRL [*face brightens, sobs stop, sweetly*]. Well, if you are sorry, it doesn't hurt me.

THE BRAVE LITTLE SISTER.

CHARACTERS: { MERTIE. ARTY. MAMMA.

SCENE. MERTIE seated at table, reading a book. ARTY sitting on a stool crying for his sister's doll. Doll in a high chair.

MERTIE. There don't cry any more, Arty, and you shall have Sissy's new wax doll to play with for a little while.

ARTY [*drying eyes quickly and looking and acting surprised*]. O Mertie!

MERTIE. There [*cautiously putting doll into his arms*], be very careful. Remember, the least knock will break it's head.

ARTY. Will it? [*Wonderingly.*] What is it made of?

MERTIE. Oh, I don't know. Something soft, I guess, but do [*entreatingly*], do be careful. O Arty, if it should get broken!

[*She goes to table and sits near it reading.* ARTY *plays with doll. Once in a while* MERTIE *glances around to see what* ARTY *is doing. Suddenly there is a crash.* MERTIE *jumps up and looks around aghast.*]

MERTIE. O Arty! [*Looking at the broken head of the doll on the floor.*]

ARTY [*eyes filled with tears, lips quivering*]. Arty didn't mean to [*piteously*].

MERTIE [*sadly*]. Oh, I know it. There, don't cry, dear. It is dreadful, but can't be helped—and [*sobbing a little*] it will have to be borne. [*Enter* MAMMA.]

MAMMA [*looking round quickly, sees what has happened*]. O Arty! [*Reproachfully.*] Mertie's beautiful new doll! How could you?

MERTIE. Don't, mamma, please don't scold him. [*Stooping and picking up the pieces of the doll's head and kissing*

her little brother.] I gave it to him, mamma, to play with, and it was all an accident. If I can bear it, everybody else ought to. [*Goes out crying.*]

MOTHER'S WAY.

CHARACTERS:
- MRS. JONES.
- JOHN JONES.
- ROBERT WHITE.
- THREE OTHER BOYS.
- CHORUS (6 boys and 6 girls).

SCENE I.: JOHN JONES sitting on floor, trying to pull on a very muddy shoe; four boys standing near looking at him and grinning.

JOHN. I say, Bob!

ROBERT. Well [*moving his right foot in a circle*].

JOHN. You and the rest of the boys go and get your excuses. Do not wait for me [*tugging at shoe-lace*]. Teacher expects us back right away [*tugging hard at lace, breaks it*]. Meet me at the corner. [*Ties the broken ends together*, ROB *and the boys run out. Sound of singing in the distance.*]

CHORUS [*out of sight*]. I will be good, I will be good.

JOHN. They are not late, nor going home, nor anything. Bother the raft and the mud. [*Wipes his cheek with his jacket sleeve, ties his shoe-string at last.*]

CHORUS [*out of sight*]. I will be good,
I will be good,
I will be good to-day.

JOHN [*rises*]. Just what I told mamma this morning, and I meant it, too.

CHORUS. I will be good to-day. [*Long drawn out.*]

JOHN [*going toward door*]. Rob and the boys called me to the water and Tom Gray dared me to go on the raft; and, anyway, I would not be dared by Tom. [*Goes out.*]

SCENE II.: Table with writing-paper on it, rocking-chair and two chairs about the stage. Enter MRS. JONES slowly with sewing, seats herself in the rocking-chair, which she draws near the table. Sews and rocks for about two minutes. Enter JOHN very slowly, stays near door, has sticks of wood in his arm.

JOHN. I say, mamma [*winningly*].

MRS. JONES [*looking up surprised*]. Why, John!

JOHN. Say, now—mamma [*puts wood in a pile on floor*].

MRS. J. What is it, dear? Why are you not at school? It is late.

JOHN. Well, that is just it. You see Rob and the boys and—well, yes—and, and I——

MRS. J. Come here, John, let me wipe the mud off your face and collar.

JOHN. Oh, never mind! I'm in a hurry, I'm tardy, mamma, and teacher wants a note. Please write it quick, because I have to be back in time for arithmetic.

MRS. J. John! [*Looks sad.*]

JOHN. Yes, ma'am. [*Hesitatingly.*]

MRS. J. Come here. [JOHN *moves nearer.*] Where have you been?

JOHN. Just down to the pond with the boys, on a raft. They said I did not dare go on it, and so I did. You would not have me be a coward. The school-bell rang before we could get ashore and so we were late.

MRS. J. [*keeping eyes down*]. What did your teacher say? [*Taking out of* JOHN'S *pocket a dirty handkerchief.*]

JOHN. Oh, she said we must get our excuses. Mamma, please give me one.

MRS. J. Yes, John, since your teacher requires it. What shall I say?

JOHN. Oh, just say what they always say: "Please excuse John as he was necessarily detained."

MRS. J. Then it was necessary for you to go to the water [*doubtfully*], and necessary to play on the raft?

JOHN [*breaking in*]. Tom Gray dared me!

MRS. J. [*going on*]. And necessary to stand in cold, muddy water?

JOHN. Well, mamma, don't let us talk about it now. It is almost ten o'clock. Please write the note.

MRS. J. What shall I write?

JOHN. Oh, you know [*very nervous*].

[MRS. J. *turns to table and begins to write.* JOHN *looks over her shoulder and spells out the words as she writes them.*]

JOHN. N-o, no; e-x-c-u-s-e, excuse; h-i-s, his; o-w-n, own; f-a-u-l-t, fault. O mamma, she will punish me! How can you? O mamma! [*Sobs.*]

MRS. J. Is not my note true?

JOHN. Well, but could you not fix it somehow? [*Sobbing hard.*]

MRS. J. This is the truth, dear. Mamma can not tell a lie for you.

JOHN. I do not want you to tell a lie.

MRS. J. I can not fix the note, John, without making it untrue. Shall I go and take the punishment for you?

JOHN. Never.

MRS. J. Then take the note and go like a man. [JOHN *goes out sobbing.*]

SCENE III.: MAMMA sewing and smiling. Enter JOHN hurriedly.

JOHN. Hurrah for mamma!

MRS. J. [*brightly*]. Well, dear.

JOHN. She never touched me—not a stroke. She only looked queer around the eyes and then read your note aloud, and said, "Here is a good mother." My! wasn't I proud!

Mrs. J. How about Rob and the others?

JOHN. Oh, I didn't ask. I was so glad I did not get whipped. I say, ma, I don't mean to be bad again, and—I—I say, ma, after all, even if she had whipped me, I think your way is the best.

HARD TO PLEASE.

SCENE: BOY sitting on floor, crying, face very dirty and streaked.

LADY [*enters slowly, hears* BOY *crying; stops and looks at him*]. What is the matter, little boy?

BOY. I've lost the penny mother gave me.

LADY. Ah, well, never mind; here is another.

[*Walks slowly on.* BOY *is quiet for a moment looking at the penny; suddenly he begins to cry again.* LADY *stops and turns back.*]

LADY. What is the trouble now, my little man?

BOY. Why, if hadn't lost the first penny, I should have had two pennies.

LOVE WINS LOVE.

CHARACTERS: { CHARLIE. MOTHER.

SCENE: MOTHER seated in a rocker, CHARLIE on a stool at her feet.

CHARLIE. Mother, the birdies all love father.

MOTHER. Does anybody else love father, Charlie?

CHARLIE. Oh, yes. I love him and you love him. But we know more than the birds.

MOTHER. What do you think is the reason the birdies love your father?

CHARLIE. I think it is because father loves them, mother. You know all creatures love him. He is so good to them, too. I think his voice never sounds so pleasant as when he speaks to them.

MOTHER. I think his voice is pleasant when he speaks to my little boy, don't you?

CHARLIE. Oh, yes. Father loves me. Mother, I wish everything loved me as well as they do father.

MOTHER. Do as father does, Charlie, and they will. Love all living things, and be kind to them. Do not speak roughly to the dog. Don't pull pussy's tail, nor chase the hens, nor frighten the cow. Never hurt or tease anything. Speak gently and lovingly to them. Feed them, and seek their comfort, and they will love you, and everybody that knows you will love you, too.

OBEYING PLEASANTLY.

CHARACTERS. { HARRY. AUNT MARY. UNCLE WILLIAM. MAMMA.

SCENE I.: AUNT MARY reading a book; enter HARRY quickly, with a kite in his hand.

HARRY. Aunt Mary, may I go to the top of the house and fly my kite?"

AUNT MARY. No, Harry, my boy [*looks up from book*]; I think it is too dangerous to play there. I'd rather you wouldn't go.

HARRY. All right. Then I'll go out on the bridge. Good-bye.

[*Exit* HARRY, *followed in a second by his aunt with book in hand.*]

SCENE II.: MAMMA seated near table, sewing. HARRY seated on floor, with his back to his mother.

MAMMA. Harry, what are you doing?

HARRY. Spinning my new top, mamma.

MAMMA. Can't you take the baby out for a ride? You can get out the carriage, and I'll bring her down.

HARRY. All right. [*Puts top and string into his pocket, goes out quickly, followed by his mother.*]

SCENE III.: UNCLE WILLIAM and HARRY seated at the table, eating; plates, cups and saucers and teapot on table, also a platter of food. Enter MAMMA.

HARRY. Uncle William, may I go over to your store this morning?

MAMMA. But I can't spare you this morning, Harry. I want you to go out with me.

HARRY. All right, mamma. I'll be ready when you are. [*Exit* HARRY.]

UNCLE WILLIAM [*to* MAMMA]. Sarah, the more I see of Harry, the more I love him. He is always so cheerful and obeys so readily and in such good humor. That is the way all boys should do.

JOHNNY'S CONFESSION.

CHARACTERS: { MAMMA. JOHNNY.

SCENE: JOHNNY seated on his mother's lap; MAMMA pulling off his shoes.

JOHNNY [*low, sorry tone*]. I took that glass marble, mamma.

MAMMA. Took it from whom? [*Looking down at him.*]

JOHNNY. I took it from the ground.

MAMMA. Did it belong to the ground? [*Sadly.*] Did the ground go to the store and buy it? [*Grieved.*]

JOHNNY [*trying to laugh*]. I saw it on the ground.

MAMMA. What little boy had it before?

JOHNNY. Thomas Wheeler's it is, I guess [*whispered*].

MAMMA. When you put out your hand to take it, did you forget [*gravely*], "Thou, God, seest me?" Did you not hear a voice, saying, "Don't, Johnny, don't, Johnny?"

JOHNNY. I didn't hear it. [*Sobbing.*] I grabbed quick.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BEE.

CHARACTERS: { BUTTERFLY (girl). BEE (boy).

BUTTERFLY. If the weather is fair to-day.
So merry am I.
If the weather is fair to-day,
Through the fields I will float away.

BEE. As for me,
I have no time for play,
I shall go to my work with glee
If the weather is fair to-day.

KATY DIDN'T.

CHARACTERS: { KATY. PAPA.

SCENE: PAPA in a rocking-chair, reading newspaper; KATY sitting near him with a book.

KATY. Papa, what is the reason that some days are so lucky and other days so unlucky. To-day began all wrong, and everything that has happened to-day has been wrong. If Aunt Lizzie had not kept me this morning, I should not have been late at school, and then I should not have been cross and the rest of the day would not have been spoiled.

PAPA. Why did Aunt Lizzie keep you?

KATY. To sew on the string of my hat.

PAPA. How did it happen to be off?

KATY. Well [*slowly*], it was my fault. It came off Tuesday and I didn't fasten it on.

PAPA. So, you see, it was not Aunt Lizzie's fault because

you had an unlucky day. Did you ever hear the old saying, "For the want of a nail, the shoe was lost?"

KATY. No, papa, tell me about it.

PAPA. "For the want of a nail, the shoe was lost;
For the want of the shoe, the horse was lost;
For the want of the horse, the rider was lost;
For the want of the rider, the battle was lost;
For the want of the battle, the kingdom was lost;
And all for the want of a horse-shoe nail."

KATY. O papa! I see what you mean. If I had sewed on my string at the right time, all this day would have been smooth. Whenever I feel like neglecting things again, I'll remember "For the want of a nail, the shoe was lost."

THE BOOK OF THANKS.

CHARACTERS: { MARK. CELIA.

SCENE: MARK seated at table, looking at a book; turns over leaves slowly. CELIA sitting in a rocking-chair, rocking.

MARK. I feel so vexed with Ben that I really must——

CELIA. Do something in revenge?

MARK. No, look over my Book of Thanks.

CELIA. What's that?

MARK [*looking carefully at a page in the book*]. Here it is. [*Reads aloud.*] "March 8th. Ben lent me his hat; Jan. 4th, I lost a shilling and Ben made it up to me." Well [*turning over page*], Ben is a good boy after all.

CELIA. What do you note down in that book? [*Looks over his shoulder curiously.*]

MARK. All the kindnesses that are ever shown me. I find a great deal of good from marking them down. I do not forget them and so I am not often ungrateful; and when I am cross or out of temper, I almost always feel good-humored again if I only look over my book.

THE SICK KITTY.

CHARACTERS: { NELLIE. CLARA. DOCTOR O. G.

SCENE: At front left of stage a table, on it a piece of meat, a piece of fish and some catnip. At back left nearer centre, NELLIE seated with a cat in her lap; near her, CLARA, who soon goes out. At back, centre, a high chair. Enter DOCTOR O. G., takes his place at right of high chair and looks toward the cat.

NELLIE. Now something's the matter with Tabby, I see;
We had better, I think, send for Doctor O. G.
The moment he enters, please, Clara, my dear,
Just bring him right up to the nursery here.
[*Exit Clara.*]

This Doctor O. G. is both famous and wise,
And he wears great green glasses that cover his eyes,
And a very tall hat, that falls low on his brow,
And he enters the door with a dignified bow.

[*Enter* CLARA *and* DOCTOR O. G., *dressed as described; has a large chain and a large watch.*]

DOCTOR O. G. Your cat—hem! I'm sorry to find her so low.
Pray when was she taken? Five minutes ago?
Just lift her up, madam, right here in this chair
[*high chair*],
I'll examine her pulse [*feels one of cat's paws*].
Very high, I declare!

[*He shakes his tall hat and looks very wise.*]

That's a very sick kitten, as you can see.
It *may* get well, madam, so much for my skill.
A spoon, if you please, and I'll mix up a pill.
[*Gives him a spoon.*]

Fat meat, two ounces; fresh fish, half a grain,
And a scruple of catnip to act on her pain.
Don't let her get cold in her whiskers or toes;
If her fever increases, then double the dose.

Now follow directions here given by me,
And your cat will improve, as I'm Doctor O. G.!
And when I next call, as I certainly will,
Please be ready, dear madam, to settle my bill.

WHY DO THEY EVER BEGIN?

CHARACTERS: { MAMMA. HARRY.

SCENE: MAMMA in a chair, HARRY leaning against her knee.

HARRY. Mamma, why do men stagger through the street?

MAMMA. Because they are drunk.

HARRY. But, mamma, why do they not stop drinking?

MAMMA. Because they either can not or think they can not.

HARRY. Well, then, mamma [*very earnestly*], why do they ever begin!

MAMMA. Just because they are told it tastes well and a taste will do no harm. Don't you remember the other day Neighbor Brown offered to treat you and me to a little cider "only a trifle sharp," just enough to be good, and I said "No" for both and you thought it very hard because you couldn't have it?

HARRY. But, mamma, that little drink of cider wouldn't have made me drunk?

MAMMA. No, Harry, but it might have led, little by little, to a liking for such things; and if we can not do without cider, with a little alcohol in it, when it is handed to us,

how shall we do when wine is offered? A little cider, a little wine, a little rum. A great deal of cider, a great deal of wine, a great deal of rum. Then down, down, down.

HARRY. Oh [*shudders*]! I wouldn't for anything grow up to be a drunkard, and if that is the way the thing begins, don't let me have any cider, mamma. Keep it all away.

MAMMA. That's the way the thing begins, my boy, and, God helping me, I will.

PLAYING SCHOOL.

CHARACTERS: JIMMIE. NELLIE. MARY JONES. ANNIE SMITH. CLARA BROWN. BILLY.

SCENE: All seated around a table with jackstraws. One after the other gets up and yawns as though tired of playing.

ALL. Let's spell awhile.

JIMMIE. I'll be the teacher. All sit down and look at me! [*Putting chairs in a row.*]

NELLIE. Which is head? I want to sit head.

JIMMIE. You can't sit head. You stay where you are. [NELLIE *sits pouting; the rest sit.*] Mary Jones, spell "teapot" with two letters.

MARY J. That can't be done.

JIMMIE. Yes, it can. You go foot. Annie Smith, you spell "teapot" with two letters.

ANNIE S. "P-o, teapot."

JIMMIE. That's right; go head. Clara Brown, spell "knead"—knead bread. Now that's real hard.

CLARA. "K-n-e-a-d, knead."

JIMMIE. That's wrong. Billy, you spell it.

CLARA. That's right; I know it is. Let's see the dictionary.

JIMMIE. I'm the teacher. I'm to decide, not you. Next, spell!

CLARA [*to the others*]. Don't let's play any more. He can't spell and it is only waste time to spell words wrong. [*Exit all except* JIMMIE.]

JIMMIE [*to audience*]. That's the way with girls. They always think they know the most!

A LITTLE BOY'S ARGUMENT.

CHARACTERS: { AUNTIE. ROBERT.

SCENE: A pile of sand in the corner on the floor. ROBERT near it with a small shovel in hand. AUNTIE comes to the door and sees ROBERT.

AUNTIE. Robin, have you seen the cat ?

ROBERT. My name is Robert, and I have not seen the cat. [*Sits on floor and digs in sand.*] What did you want of the cat ?

AUNTIE. I want to shut her up in the pantry so that she might catch the mouse that stole my pound-cake.

ROBERT [*looking very closely at the sand for a second, then looking around quickly*]. How do you know it was a mouse stole it ?

AUNTIE. Why, I know your papa, mamma, or myself did not take it. I know it wasn't the cook, or the dog; you would not like me to think it was you, would you? So who else could it be but a mouse?

ROBERT [*digging and looking wise*]. I've heard of thieves with two legs.

AUNTIE. So have I, but there can't be any about here.

ROBERT. They're everywhere [*wise* ***shake of the head***].

They're as thick as gooseberries. But you know there is good stealing as well as bad stealing.

AUNTIE. Good stealing! I never heard of it. All I know is that the Bible says: "Thou shalt not steal."

ROBERT. Why, papa says if you steal when you're hungry it is called good stealing, and I'm sure I was 'most starved.

AUNTIE. So you were the mouse that stole my cake?

ROBERT. Well, hadn't I a right to eat it?

AUNTIE. Not without asking for it. You did not understand papa, for stealing is always bad. You must never do anything like that again.

ROBERT. I won't, Auntie, but I thought it was right to take a thing when I needed it. If the Bible says: "Thou shalt not steal," I will not do it again, Auntie.

THE LITTLE GROCER THAT FAILED.

CHARACTERS: FREDDY. MAMMA. NELLIE, a big sister. WILLIE, an older brother. COOK.

SCENE: FREDDY standing near a small table and looking at his money; MAMMA and NELLIE sewing at large table. WILLIE rushes in from school. COOK comes in very cross-looking, hands on hips; dressed in a calico dress and gingham apron.

FREDDY. Mamma, I will play grocery store. [*Picks up coins from his table and counts.*] One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Mamma, I have seven pennies.

NELLIE. Not much money to keep store with.

FREDDY. I can buy a lot of things with that. [*Goes out. Returns in a second loaded with things; puts them on small table one at a time.*] Tea, coffee, sugar, beans, salt, candy, apples. Cook says they are worth fifteen cents and I had only seven cents.

NELLIE [*goes to table*]. I'll buy the candy, Freddy; but you will have to charge it, as I have no money.

MAMMA [*goes to table*]. I'll buy the coffee and sugar for two cents.

WILLIE [*just in from school*]. I'll buy the beans and salt. You'll have to trust me for the money.

COOK [*entering*]. I came for the money you owe me, mister.

FREDDY [*counts his money*]. I have only two cents! They didn't pay for the things.

COOK. I must have the money now. I won't wait any longer.

FREDDY. It's no use talking so. I can't pay the money because I haven't it.

NELLIE. Then, Freddy, you have failed.

FREDDY. Failed! That means I can not pay?

NELLIE. Yes, that's it. Don't buy more than you can pay for. Don't sell other people more than they can pay for. Always think what you are doing. Never trust if you can help it, and then you won't fail.

BENNY'S QUESTIONS.

CHARACTERS: { BENNY. MAMMA.

SCENE: BENNY leaning against a small chair and looking at MAMMA, who is sitting in a chair and trying to read a newspaper.

BENNY. What is the kitty good for?

MAMMA. To catch the mice in the pantry
When they nibble mamma's bread;
To sit on the rug in the sunshine,
To play with her little toes;
And if kitty is good for anything else,
It is more than mamma knows.

BENNY. What is the mooly cow good for,
Mamma? I'd like to know.

MAMMA. To eat green grass in the pastures,
Where the meadow-lilies grow;
To give us sweet, golden butter,
Rich milk and yellow cream;
And a great many more good presents
Than Benny could ever dream.

BENNY. What are busy bees good for—
To sting little boys?

MAMMA. There's many a lesson my boy could learn,
From even a busy bee;
For he works all day in the summer,
Laying sweet treasures by
For the long, cold days that are coming,
When roses and violets die.

BENNY. What is Rover good for?
I'm sure I can not see.

MAMMA. To teach my Benny how patient
Even a brute can be;
To watch papa's house at midnight,
When the lamps are all out in the street;
So, Benny, take good care of Rover,
And give him enough to eat.

BENNY. What is my mamma good for? [*Laughing.*]

MAMMA. O Benny, my boy [*takes him on lap and looks at him*],
Your mamma is good for nothing
If she can not teach her child
To follow the Infant Saviour,
So loving, tender and mild.

THE GOSSIPS.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Arranged by Mrs. William Calvin Chilton.

CHARACTERS:
- FAIRY.
- ROSE.
- NASTURTIUM.
- LILY.
- OLEANDER.
- MIGNONETTE.
- LARKSPUR.
- ALMOND.
- COLUMBINE.
- PEONY.
- BEE.

DIRECTIONS:

The FAIRY should be a little blonde girl. If she can sing, have her sing a verse of some fairy song as she enters the first time.

The FLOWERS should be very small girls, the smaller the better. They should be dressed to represent the different flowers and grouped about stage.

The BEE should be a very small boy, dressed to look as much like a bee as possible, with black-velvet pants with gold band up the legs; a puffed waist—the puffs running around the body and striped between the puffs with gilt band; a cape to represent a gold cape, or wings can be made; black stockings and slippers with gold buckles; black velvet cap with two little wires on it to represent feelers.

FAIRY [*steps to front*]. A Rose in my garden, the sweetest and fairest,
Was hanging her head through the long golden hours,
And early one morning I saw her tears falling,
And heard a low gossiping talk in the bowers.

[*Music of light waltz.* FAIRY *keeps time to music and steps back to rear; she may get behind a screen or step off stage entirely. While she is stepping back all the* FLOWERS *should be swaying, nod-*

ding and making signs as if talking to one another. One strain of music will answer. At close of music NASTURTIUM, *who with the* LILY *is standing to right of stage, speaks.*

NASTURTIUM. I, the Yellow Nasturtium, will tell you what ailed the poor Rose.
That wild roving Bee who was hanging about
Has jilted her squarely, as everyone knows.
I knew when he came with his singing and sighing,
His airs and his speeches, so fine and so sweet,
Just how it would end; but no one would believe me,
For all were quite ready to fall at his feet.

LILY. Indeed, you are wrong! I, the Lily Belle, speak it proudly:
I cared nothing for him. He called on me once,
And would have come often, no doubt, if I'd asked him;
But though he was handsome, I thought him a dunce.

OLEANDER. Now, now that is not true,
He has traveled and seen every flower that grows;
And one who has supped in the garden of princes
We all might have known would not wed with the Rose.

MIGNONETTE. But wasn't she proud when he showed her attention!
And she let him caress her;
I used to see and to blush at her folly—
The silly thing thinks he will come to her yet!

LARKSPUR. I thought he was splendid,
So dark and so grand with that gray coat of gold,
But he tried once to kiss me, the impudent fellow!
And I got offended, I thought him too bold.

ALMOND. O fie [*laughs teasingly*]! that does for a story.
Though I hang down my head I see all that goes,
And I saw you reach out, trying hard to detain him,
But he just tapped your cheek and flew by to the Rose.
He cared nothing for her; he only was flirting
To while away time, as I very well knew;
So I turned a cold shoulder on all his advances,
Because I was certain his heart was untrue.

COLUMBINE. The Rose is served right for her folly in trusting
An oily-tongued stranger;
I knew what he was and thought once I would warn her,
But, of course, the affair was no business of mine.

PEONY [*shrugs shoulders and tosses head*]. Oh, well, I saw all along that the Bee was a flirt;
But the Rose has been always so praised and so petted
I thought a good lesson would do her no hurt.

FAIRY [*steps forward and motions for silence*]. You naughty gossips! Hush, all, in a moment,
I hear the sound of a love-song sung sweetly.
My proud Rose, lift up your bowed head,

And all you flowers listen to what is said,
For the dark, handsome Bee, with his cloak o'er his shoulder,
Will come swiftly through the sunlight and see the sad Rose.

[*Enter* BEE. *Waltz is played again.* BEE *trips in time to music in and out among the* FLOWERS *until he reaches the* ROSE, *at farthest end of stage. The* ROSE *lifts head at command of* FAIRY. *Until now she has stood with head drooped. She listens with bright expression. The* BEE *puts arm around her before speaking.*]

BEE. My darling, I've roved the world over
And you are the loveliest flower that grows.

[FLOWERS *sway and nod as before in time to music until curtain falls.*

PLEASE DO NOT SPEAK SO.

CHARACTERS: { AUNTY. ROBERT.

SCENE: AUNTY in white apron, white shawl and lace cap, handing a purse to ROBERT. She is seated near a table; on the table is a work-basket.

AUNTY. Here is money to pay for your book, Robert. Take my purse. Don't lose it, don't rob it, but bring it safely back to me.

ROBERT. Dear aunty, please do not speak so. If you think meanly of me, I shall get to have mean thoughts of myself. Say, rather, "Be trusty, true and noble, Robert?"

AUNTY. That is best, Robert. Children have as much right to courteous and respectful language as anybody, only I did not think of it before.

ROBERT. Now you speak like my mother. When you speak in such a manner I shall always do my best.

LITTLE VOICES.

CHARACTERS: Seven girls and boys.

FIRST SPEAKER. What says the little brook?

SECOND SPEAKER. I am but a little brook;
Yet on me
The stars as brightly gleam
As on the mighty stream,
And singing night and day,
I sparkle on my way
To the sea.

FIRST SPEAKER. What says the little ray?

THIRD SPEAKER. I am but a little ray
Sent to earth
By the sun so great and bright,
Giving food, and heat, and light,
Yet gladden every spot.
The palace and the cot
Hail my birth.

FIRST SPEAKER. What says the little flower?

FOURTH SPEAKER. I am but a little flower
At your feet;
Yet on the paths you tread
Some joy and grace I shed;
So I am happy, too,
For the little I can do
When we meet.

FIRST SPEAKER. What says the little lamb?

FIFTH SPEAKER. I am but a little lamb,
Soft and mild;

Yet in the meadows sweet
I ramble and I bleat;
And soon my wool will grow
To clothe you with, you know,
Darling child.

FIRST SPEAKER. What says the little bird?

SIXTH SPEAKER. I am but a little bird
With my song.
Come and hear me singing now,
As I hop from bough to bough.
For I cheer the old and sad
With my voice, and I am glad
All day long.

FIRST SPEAKER. What says the little child?

SEVENTH SPEAKER. I am but a little child
Fond of play;
Yet in my heart I know
The grace of God will grow,
If I try to do His will
And His law of love fulfil
And obey.

AUNTY'S LESSON.

CHARACTERS: { AUNTY. RALPH. EDDIE.

SCENE: AUNTY seated in a rocking-chair and looking at RALPH and EDDIE who have just come in and stand near the door. Two stools near AUNTY'S chair.

AUNTY. There's a noisy way and a quiet way
Of doing a thing, in work or fun.
Now, Ralph and Eddie, come here, I pray,
And I'll show you how I like it done.

[*Looking at* RALPH.] You slam the door, and it jars the house,
And wakens the baby up in fright.

[*Looking at* EDDIE.] You shut it "as softly as a mouse,"
And neither, my little lads, is right.

[*Looking at both.*] Just quietly close it. [*Goes to door and closes it.*] There, my dears,
Like neither an outlaw nor a sneak;
And just the same when you go to talk—
Don't shout, nor whisper, but simply speak.

In walking, don't stamp or shuffle your shoes,
Or tiptoe across with a solemn air,
The soles of your feet were made to use
And I like to see them come down fair.

Be gentle and thoughtful; speak low and clear;
Treat all with a kind respect, and then
Aunt Melrose, who loves you, can say, without fear,
Her two little nephews are gentlemen.

THE SURPRISE.

IDA FAY.

CHARACTERS. { PERCY. FLORENCE.

SCENE: PERCY slyly comes up behind FLORENCE and covers her eyes with both his hands.

PERCY. Whose hands are over your eyes? Guess quick!
FLORENCE. Old Mother Hubbard's?
PERCY. Wrong! guess again.
FLO. The good fairy's—Teenty Fawnty's?

PERCY. There are no fairies in this part of the country, and you know it. Guess again.

FLO. Well, I guess it is the old woman who lived in a shoe.

PERCY. She is not in these parts. I will give you one more chance. Who is it?

FLO. I think it must be Miss Muffit—the one who was frightened by a spider.

PERCY. Nonsense! One would think you had read nothing but Mother Goose's melodies.

FLO. Can it be Tom, Tom, the piper's son?

PERCY. No, *I* never stole a pig in my life. Now, give me the right name this time, or prepare to have your ears pulled.

FLO. Oh, that would never do! I think it must be my cousin Percy Mason who is hiding the daylight from me.

PERCY. Right! Right at last! One kiss, and you may go!

[*Both scamper off.*]

LITTLE BLUEBEARD.

CHARACTERS: { BLOSSOM. HOWARD.

BLOSSOM. Howard, let's—let's—let's play Bluebeard! You have all the wives, and I marry you, and you say: "Now, Blossie, don't you look in that room!" and I do, and I get something on the key, and you come home—oo! oo! [*Long groan signifying terror.*]

HOWARD. Well? [*Submissively.*]

BLOSS. Come on then!

HOW. [*still submissively, with hands behind him*]. Well?

BLOSS. Oh, it'll be such fun! [*Rushing about excitedly.*] Put on this hat, Howard. [*Picks up an old hat*

and puts it on HOWARD'S *head; pulls his hair through hole in the top, and crowns it with feathers.*] And you must have blue whiskers!

How. I don't want them.

BLOSS. [*approaching him with blue chalk*]. But, Howard, you *must* have them. [*Chalks his face until lower part is quite blue.*] Now, Howard, I'll go live in this corner, and you must come and ask me if I'll marry you. [*Sits on a stool in one corner, and sews busily with a pin.* HOWARD *enters, mounted astride a chair and gallops over toward* BLOSSOM.]

How. Will you marry me? [*Shouting.*]

BLOSS. Now, Howard, you ought to get off the horse, and come in the house. I won't marry you if you hollo so loud. [HOWARD *dismounts and stands beside her, with his whip trailing behind him.*]

BLOSS. [*rising, bowing, and giving him her hand*]. Why, good morning, Mr. Bluebeard. How are your wives this morning?

How. I haven't any wives. I came to get you.

BLOSS. Well, I will marry you. Now, let's play we are married, Howard. You must get a carriage and take me home. [*They both busy themselves.* HOWARD *turns down a chair, and seats himself upon it, whip in hand.* BLOSSOM *puts on an old bonnet, wrong side before, takes a basket on her arm, and wraps up a bundle which she carries. She seats herself behind* HOWARD; *he whips imaginary horses, and they jog the chairs.*]

How. *Whoa!* Get out, Mrs. Bluebeard. This is my house. I want my supper!

BLOSS. [*alighting and toppling over with her burdens*]. I don't think you are very polite, Mr. Bluebeard. You ought to help me out of the carriage. Now, Howard, you must give me the key and say: "Mrs. Bluebeard, I am going to drive the horses to my stable, and you mustn't look in the room where my wives are."

How. I haven't the key.

Bloss. [*stamping her foot impatiently*]. Howard Bluebeard, if you don't get the key this very minute I shan't play, and I'll go downstairs.

How. Well, here's a nutmeg grater. [*Handing it.*] You can unlock the door with that. Get up! hi! go 'long! [*Drives horses out.* Blossom *takes grater, and with bundle and basket still in her arms, marches to one side, apparently unlocks a door, and looks out.*]

How. [*still whipping and driving*]. Go 'long! get up! gee! hi!

Bloss. O—h! [*Astonished.*]

How. [*whipping horses furiously*]. Go 'long!

Bloss. Now, Howard, you can come in. [Howard *alights, and approaches her.*]

Bloss. You must say: "What's that on the key, Mrs. Bluebeard?"

How. [*snatches nutmeg grater and shouts*]. What have you got on my key?

Bloss. I guess it's rust. [*Approaches and looks anxiously at grater with him.*]

How. No, it isn't; it's nutmeg. [*Licks it.*]

Bloss. [*half crying*]. Now, Howard, you don't play right at all. You ought to pull my hair, and kill me, and—

[Howard *pretends to pound her. They make a great noise, overturn chairs, etc. Tableau: Both sit on the floor opposite each other, rubbing fists in their eyes.*]

Bloss. I don't like you!

How. I don't like *you!*

Bloss. You hurt me!

How. Well, you *told* me to.

Bloss. I'll tell my mamma you pulled my hair.

How. I'll tell my mamma you put blue whiskers on my face.

Bloss. [*after some hesitation*]. That wasn't a nice play, Howard, was it?

How. No. [*Edging nearer.*]

Bloss. I am not Mrs. Bluebeard now. [*Looks slyly at* Howard *behind her apron.*]

How. [*rubbing chalk off his face*]. And I am not Bluebeard. [*Creeps up to her.*] I'm sorry I hurt you. I'll give you my velocipede.

Bloss. I like you, Howard.

How. I like *you*, Blossie.

[*Mother's voice from downstairs: "Children, what was that noise I heard upstairs?"*]

Both. We were playing Bluebeard, mamma; but we'll never, never, do so any more. [*Exeunt.*]

THE TWO RUNAWAYS.

MARY EDWARDS.

CHARACTERS: { Marion. Dick. Fairy Queen. Fairies.

Scene I.: Marion, with a book, studying; looks cross.

Marion. Did anybody ever have such a bad time as I do? Here I have to stay moping and poking over this horrid old arithmetic, when I am just dying to go out and play with the girls. I shan't study—no, I won't? [*Throws book angrily across the room.*] Mamma and Miss Wise are just as mean as they can be—yes, they are! Oh, oh, oh! [*Cries aloud. Enter* Dick *hurriedly, slate in hand.*]

Dick [*calling loudly*]. Marion, Marion, do, please, help me! I can not do this old sum and mamma says I shall not go out to play till I do it. Oh, I'm in such a hurry, for I want to go and play ball. [*Coaxingly.*] Oh, do, please, help me, Marion, that's a good girl!

MARION [*pettishly*]. Help you? No, indeed, sir, I shall do no such thing!

DICK. Well, you needn't be so snappy, Miss Crosspatch.

MARION. Dick, you selfish old thing! Don't you suppose I have my own lessons to study? I am just crazy to get out. I hate that old cross Miss Wise!

DICK. Well, I guess she isn't half as mean as that old Dr. Crabsticks. He'll just thrash a fellow out of his boots if he don't know his lesson better than the book. He is awfully mean!

MARION [*plaintively*]. I just wish I could run away.

DICK [*triumphantly clapping hands*]. Good, good, good! The very thing, Marion! Let's both run off!

MARION. But where shall we run to, Dick?

DICK. Why, out to the wild woods, of course. Then nobody could ever find us. And I guess there'd be no school and books and cross Miss Wises and old Dr. Crabsticks out there. Won't that be jolly, Marion? Hurrah for us! [*Tosses up cap.*]

MARION [*anxiously*]. But what can we get to eat out there, Dick? And where can we stay when night comes? Won't we be afraid?

DICK [*looking very brave*]. Never mind about that. We shall find heaps of nuts and blackberries. And then I shall kill lots of squirrels and bears and lions and pigeons and elephants and wildcats. And we can make a house out of trees. Don't you see, Marion?

MARION [*excitedly*]. O Dick, suppose the Indians should find us! They might cut our heads off, or scalp us; you know they live in wild places, for we read about them in your new book, Dick.

DICK [*contemptuously*]. Pshaw! Girls are always afraid. Why, I'd shoot the Indians, too!

MARION. But where's your gun, Dick?

DICK [*in the same tone*]. Girls are so inquisitive! You needn't bother about my gun; girls don't know anything about guns. Come on, let's go right now.

MARION [*cheerfully*]. All right; no more old arithmetic for me!

DICK [*putting his slate on the table and making a low bow to it*]. I wish you a very good afternoon, old slate! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.: In the woods. Enter both children, looking frightened.

MARION. O Dick, I'm nearly scared to death! And it is almost night. [*Piteously.*] Oh, I wish we were at home!

DICK [*sadly*]. I wish I had minded mamma and worked my sum. I don't know which way to go.

MARION. I am so tired and so hungry! I haven't found any nuts or blackberries at all.

DICK [*beginning to cry*]. I'm awfully hungry! I'd give my new ball, and top, too, for some bread and butter.

MARION [*sobbing*]. Oh, dear, oh, dear! What shall we do?

DICK [*crying loudly*]. I want to see my mamma! Yes, I do! Oh, oh!

MARION [*catching* DICK's *arm*]. Hush, Dick—be still! I thought I heard something.

DICK [*stops and listens*]. Yes, Marion, and I hear something, too.

MARION [*trembling*]. Oh, dear me! What can it be?

[*Both retreat, looking back and listening.*]

DICK [*in a frightened voice*]. O Marion, may be it's the Indians, coming to get our scalps! Oh, dear!

MARION [*still looking back and listening*]. I hear singing, Dick; listen.

DICK [*peeping out behind* MARION]. O Marion, may be it's fairies!

MARION [*grasping* DICK's *arm*]. Hush! be still, Dick! Oh, look there!

[FAIRY QUEEN *appears in the back of stage, the children gazing at her in amazement. As the* QUEEN *advances, she begins to sing, and* FAIRIES *appear.*]

FAIRY QUEEN. Come, come, come! Fairies, come from your home
In the dell beneath the hill!
Come with me, full of glee,
All the night with gladness fill!
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la-la-la-la!
Come with me, full of glee,
All the night with gladness fill!

[*All dance. Any fancy dance or march will do.*]

Come, come, come! Music bring, dance and sing
'Neath the full moon's silvery light!
Laugh and trip, dewdrops sip,
Merry be through all the night!
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la, etc.

Come, come, come! Whippoorwill, rippling rill,
Tuneful breeze and floweret sweet,
Joyful call, one and all,
Night to cheer with merry feet!
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la, etc.

[*They stop dancing, looking at the children.*]

DICK. Oh, do call them, Marion, and ask them to show us the way home.

MARION. Well, I will try. I will call them once and then you must call them, too, Dick. [*Loudly.*] Good fairies, come and help us!

DICK [*calling*]. Good fairies, come and help us!

[FAIRY QUEEN *advances slowly, the others following.*]

MARION. Oh, look, Dick—they are coming to us!

DICK. They are coming, sure enough!

FAIRY QUEEN [*advancing alone*]. Children, did you call me? What do you wish me to do for you!

DICK. Oh, good fairy, do help us to find the way home and we will never run away any more; and we will always mind what our dear mamma tells us.

FAIRY Q. Children, how came you here, so far from home?

MARION. Oh, good fairy, we have been very naughty. Our dear mother told us to study our lessons first, and play afterward; but we did not mind her, and ran away from home. Oh, we are very, very sorry!

FAIRY Q. Well, children, I am glad to see that you are sorry for what you have done. You have indeed acted very wrong in disobeying your kind mother. And if I had not come to you, you might have died for want of food, or been killed by some terrible wild beast. Now, if you will promise to be good children hereafter, I will take you home.

DICK AND MARION. We promise you to try to be good always, and mind our dear mother.

FAIRY Q. Now, I will tell you something that I wish you to remember all your lives, and I wish you to tell it to all the children you know: Always let duty come first, and pleasure afterward. Now let us go.

[*Takes children by the hand and leads them slowly off stage; others follow, dancing and singing the chorus:* "*Tra-la-la*," *etc., till all have disappeared.*]

THE QUARREL OF THE FLOWERS.

CHARACTERS: { MORNING-GLORY, girl dressed in blue. LILY, girl dressed in white. ROSE, girl dressed in pink. GRASS, boy dressed in green.

MORNING-GLORY [*to audience*]. Dear folks, all the other flowers are surly,
And just the reason why I'll tell to you:
I'm the only flower that gets up early——

LILY [*running in*]. Early, yes, but how much work do you do?
You get up, and then you go to bed again!
Now *I* hold up my cup the whole day through.

ROSE [*running in and pushing in front of both*]. Oh, did I ever see a flower so vain!
To brag, and not one single bit of smell!
Thank fate, *my* place among the flowers is plain. [*Holds out her dress.*]
Good folks, how would you miss the rose's color?

MORNING-GLORY [*holding out skirt*]. Good folks, how would you miss *my* modest color?

LILY [*holding out skirt*]. Good folks, how brides and babes would miss *my* color.

GRASS [*tripping in*]. Oh, here you are, you naughty little flowers;
I've hunted for you up and down for three, four hours;
It was so dull I didn't know what to do,
And oh, how sweet you look—red, white and blue!

ALL [*entwining arms, and repeating slowly in concert*].

Perhaps we do each one look well this way,
And may be, too, in human life's bouquet,
It would be dull to have folks all one mind,
And that's the reason we have every kind.
[*They walk off, hand-in-hand.*]

PART VII.—Drills, Pantomimes, Etc.

DAISY DRILL.

JEAN HALIFAX.

[By permission of the *Journal of Education*.]

DIRECTIONS:

Sixteen little girls, of from six to ten, are chosen for this drill; should wear "slips" or Mother Hubbards of white cheese-cloth, made with very full, short, puffed sleeves, over which their collars (of lace or a cheese-cloth ruffle) fall like daisy petals. Fasten daisies, an inch or two apart, on the collars, and trim the dresses with daisy chains. A few inches from the bottom of the dress loop pale yellow ribbon in short festoons, with a daisy at the top of each loop. On each shoulder there should be knots and floating ends of yellow ribbon, with a cluster of daisies in the centre. If it is daisy-time, you can use real daisies. You can easily make artificial ones, a centre of yellow flannel or velvet, and petals of white paper, with a few artificial stems for the daisies in the shoulder-knots. A few daisies are put here and there among the little folks' curls. The dresses should just clear the floor, as long slips look prettiest.

The daisy chains should be about a yard in length (suit the length to the little ones' arms), of pale yellow ribbon, on which are fastened the daisy heads. At the ends of the chain tie loops and bows of the same shade of ribbon.

The drill can be performed even if you have not the inspiring music to which you would like the little folks to march or swing their daisy chains; for they can remember the "one-two-three-four" time, and the tunes for the songs have been chosen because they are familiar to all.

DRILL.

The children march to the stage to the music of "The Campbells Are Coming," and sing:

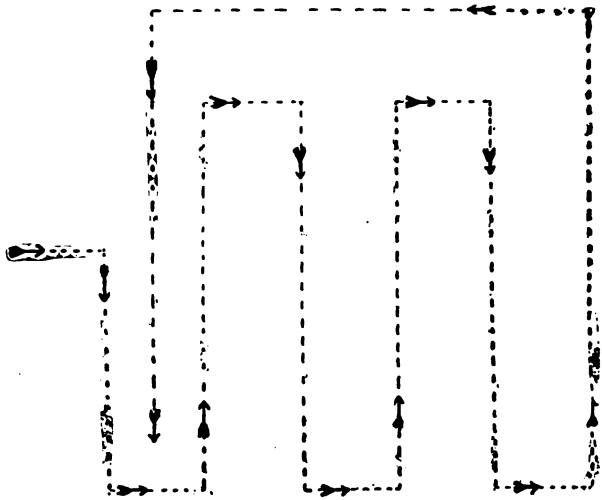
Vacation is coming, oh, oh! oh, oh!
Vacation is coming, oh, oh! oh, oh!
Vacation is coming, and daisy-time, too,
Vacation is coming, oh, oh! oh, oh!

We've learned our lessons, you see, so well;
We've learned how to read and write and spell;
We've always minded our teacher's rule,
And now it's time for the summer school.

Chorus: "Vacation is coming," etc.

Do you know what we'll learn at the summer school,
And who are the teachers and what is the rule?
Now listen, and see if you'd like to go, too,
For, if you'll be real good, they'll may be take you.

Chorus and march. The little daisy people look well in a winding-in-and-out march like the following:



Then position ready for the drill in double row thus:

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SONG OF DAISY-TIME. [Tune: "Sweet Marie."]

Sweetest days of all the year,
Daisy-time.
To all the children dear,
Daisy-time.
Then we go to summer school,
Learn its lessons, mind its rule,
Learn from bee and bird and flower
Every hour.

Chorus: Daisies say, daisies say,
If we're only sweet and true all the time,
We can be like little flowers,
In this busy world of ours;
We can make of winter hours
Daisy-time.

Suns and skies and flowers of June,
Daisies, too,
Sing just the one sweet tune
Daisies do.
Just grow bright and sweet as they,
Sunbeams, birds, and flowerets gay,
'Tis an easy pleasant way,
Daisies say.

Chorus: "Daisies say," etc.

Just a little bit they grow,
Every day,
Flowers, birds, and trees, you know,
That's their way;
But the daisies 'neath your feet,
And the songs the birds sing sweet,
Make the summer-tide complete,
Daisies say.

Chorus: "Daisies say," etc.

The children are now in position, two by two, ready for the drill. They can carry their daisy chains as in the illustration,

held lightly in front, up to this time, unless the teacher wants the in-and-out march again. In that case, they can go behind the scenes during the march, and the chains can be quickly given before they march on again. Chains raised above heads, bow to audience.

1st Movement.—Children hold chains across chests and turn to each other, two by two, chains held at arm's length and turn to front four times. As they face each other the chains touch; as they turn, they are across chests. Alternate with the child on the other side four times as before; next once to the child on left side, once to child at right side. Repeat.

2nd Movement.—Chains horizontally across chests, face front, drop across knees and up to chest four times. Four

times up over heads and to chests, alternate four times; as one down to knees and up to chests, one up over heads and down to chests, to knees and up to chests, and up over heads and down to chests again. (The motions for wand drill.)

3rd Movement.—Hold chains at feet. Step over and bring them up the back and over head and down four times. Alternate quite slowly four times. The music must be slower, in order to allow the children to keep in time in this third movement. If you wish, this can be omitted.

4th Movement.—Couples face each other, chains across chests; child at right hand side puts right hand up over head and left hand to waist at left side; child opposite puts left hand up over head, right hand to right side at waist four times; then four times just the reverse, four times alternating.

5th Movement.—Children at each end stand in their places, while those between, in each row, march half to right and half to left side around the child who is standing still on that row. Next, the centre child being the leader, all the children, carrying the chains above their heads, march once to right, once to left; the two captains in the front row march toward the centre of the platform until they meet, the rest follow two by two to the rear of the stage, where the captains separate; one marches to the right, one to the left of platform, again to centre, and out to their former places.

6th Movement.—Two more little captains serve their term, for the two children at the end of the lines, at the back of the stage, are the leaders now. They march down on the outside to the front, meet in the centre of the platform and march up centre, the rest following in couples, chains held above their heads. This is the final march. Where the march is to be directed depends on whether they go into another room, or behind curtains, or to their seats. But let them go two by two in this way, in any case.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REGIMENT DRILL.

MRS. A. G. LEWIS.

[From the New England *Journal of Education.*]

THIS is designed for sixteen girls in costume, combining the national colors, each carrying a flag. Within the range of red, blue, and white, varieties in dresses and trimmings, stockings and caps, will produce a more pleasing effect than a uniform style. For girls of twelve and more, 3 ft. x 2 1-2 ft. is a good size for the banners, which should rise about three feet above the shoulders. Each staff should be ornamented at the top with a handsome knot of ribbons and streamers.

The place best suited to an exercise like this is the centre of a large room or hall, with seats around for the audience. The music, which is to accompany it throughout, ought to be a march movement, simple in form and very spirited. A pot-pourri of national airs, in quick time, is effective. Lacking an orchestra, the piano, accompanied by six boys with bones and clappers, and, say, double the number of girls with tambourines, is an excellent substitute. These boy and girl musicians may do escort duty at the entering and the retiring of the chief performers. The marching girls must each know their numbers, 1, 3, 5, or 2, 4, 6, etc. The orders given below are for teaching the exercise. It is better to omit calling orders, since in no respect is this exercise intended to represent the manœuvres of military drill.

In teaching, the diagrams should be followed carefully. If it is desired to prolong the time of march, the orders may be repeated from the beginning.

In orders I., II., III., and IV., follow Fig. 2.

I. *Single File.* March A-E-J-H-F-B-A-E-J-C-D-K-A-E-J. At J odd numbers 1, 3, 5, etc., march J-C-D-K-A.

Even numbers march J-H-F-B-A. In the march let numbers 1 and 2 in each line be careful to arrive at D and F, K

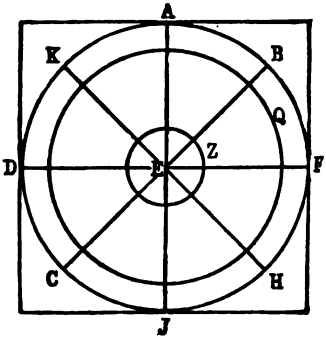


Fig. 1.

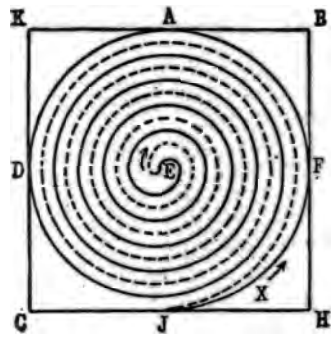


Fig. 2.

and B at the same moment. At A, numbers 1 and 2, 3 and 4, join, followed by the remaining couples.

II. *Double File.* March A-E-J-C-D-C-A-B-F-H-J-E-A. At A, 1st and 3d twos, followed by 5th and 7th, march A-B-F-H-J. 2d, 4th, 6th and 8th twos march A-K-D-C-J. At J, 1st and 2d twos march by fours, followed by 3d and 4th, 5th and 6th, etc., marching by fours.

III. *By Fours.* March J-E-A-B-F-H-J-C-D-K-A-E-J. At J, 1st and 3d fours march J-C-D-K-A. 2d and 4th fours, followed by 3d and 1st, march J-H-F-B-A. 1st and 2d fours, followed by 3d and 4th march by platoons—eight side by side.

IV. *By Platoons.* From KAB march, keeping the ranks in straight line to CJH. Right about. Rest the weight upon heels and turn square about; make the "right about" change at the same moment. March from CJH to KAB. Repeat. 1st platoon march from KAB to CJH. Right about.

V. *Right Wheel.* (Fig. 3.) Let the girl who stood at H remain stationary, although keeping step with the others.

Fig. 3 represents the path of each girl. Of course, the length of steps must be graduated to cover the space to be covered. March from line MN to YN. Right about. March YN to MN. Right about. Repeat.

VI. *Left Wheel.* 2d platoon follow the lines leading OY to NY. Right about. March NY to OY. Right about. Repeat. Right about.

VII. *Single File.* Number 1 leads off on line MO, with shortened steps, followed by platoon 1. Platoon 2 moves on line YN with lengthened pace. By Fig. 1 march C-D-K-A-B-F-H-J-E-A-K-D-C-J.

VIII. *In the Maze.* (Fig. 1.) Follow line X to E, return by dotted line. March C-D-K-A-E-D-C-J. Follow line X to E, and return as before. March J-C-D-K-A.

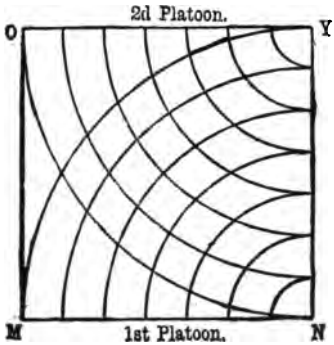


Fig. 3.

IX. *To Stations.* It is desired to station 1 at J, 3 at H, 5 at F, 7 at B, 9 at A, 11 at C, 13 at D, and 15 at K, and the even numbers at points in the square equidistant from the odd numbers. March A-B-F-H-J-C-D-K-A-B-F-H-J. In the march, as each girl arrives at her station, stop, face to centre, and when all are arrived, drop at same moment staffs to the floor with a thud.

X. *Carry Flags.* (Fig. 2.) Odd numbers raise flags simultaneously, march toward centre, forming circle Z. Raise flags at same moment, and place staff point to point with the opposite flag. Right about. Return to station. Right about. Repeat. Even numbers perform same manœuvre. Repeat. Odd and even numbers together forward. Place flags point to point, making circle a little larger. Return. Repeat. To station.

XI. *Right and Left.* March in outer circle twice around. Halt at station. Odd numbers march to right, even numbers to left, meeting and passing first to right and then left of those met. March around the circle in this way three times, the third time stopping each at her respective station.

XII. *To Camp.* All march to centre, stopping on circle Z. Right about. Kneel, holding flags front at an angle of forty-five degrees. Rise. Forward to circle Q. Wave flags in time with music. Right about. Repeat.

XIII. *Form Tents.* March single file around outer circle. (Fig. 2.) At A march A-E-J. Odd numbers march J-C-D-K-A. Even numbers march J-H-F-B-A. At A march double file A-E-J-H-F-B-A-E-J. Halt. Step two paces to right, also to left of line AEJ. Face to face. Lift flags. Place flags point to point with opposite flag, forming a tent-roof. Two girls standing at A drop flags on shoulder and pass under tent, followed by those standing next. All pass under. March J-C-D-K-A-E-J. Step two paces to right, also to left, etc., repeating the forming of tent and passing under.

XIV. *Single File.* March J-H-F-B-A-K-D-C-J.

XV. *In the Maze.* Follow line X (Fig. 1) to E. Return by dotted line.

XVI. *To Stations.* March J-C-D-K-A-B-F-H-J; repeating orders IX., X., XI., XII. Wave flags in time with music. Here the "Star-Spangled Banner" may be sung, either as a chorus or by soloist, the girls joining in the chorus while waving their flags.

PANTOMIME OF "LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT."

LUCY JENKINS.

THIS pantomime may be given either by one person or by as many groups as desirable. The hymn should be sung by an invisible singer, so as not to distract the attention.

"*Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,*"

Weight on left foot, head uplifted, left arm curved over head, right arm off and up to right of centre, as though shading the eyes.

"*Lead Thou me on;*"

Weight transferred to right foot. At the same time bring right arm out in front of body (to right of centre) and left arm back; raise both hands at the wrist; eyes and head uplifted.

"*The night is dark and I am far from home,*"

Weight on left foot, hands clasped and brought to right side of chest, head uplifted to left. On the words "I am far from home," let the head droop until right cheek comes in contact with hands.

"*Lead Thou me on.*"

Same as line two.

"*Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see,*"

Right arm raised to right of centre, off and up; left arm to side of body, eyes and head uplifted. At "I do not ask to see," weight on left foot, hands in prayer-form on chest, head and eyes uplifted.

"*The distant scene; one step enough for me.*"

Weight on right foot, fingers interlaced at arm's length in front of body, head and eyes uplifted.

"*I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou*
Shouldst lead me on."

Sink on left knee, hands in same position as in line seven,

brought to forehead, head bowed. On the words, "nor prayed," etc., lift head and eyes.

"*I loved to choose and see my path; but now*"
Same position as in line eight, hands brought down to right knee.

"*Lead Thou me on;*"
Both hands off and up to right; very intense.

"*I loved the garish day; and spite of fears,*"
Hands clasped and brought near right side of face.

"*Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.*"
Hands clasped at arm's length; very intense.

"*So long Thy power hath bless'd me, sure it still*"
Body brought slowly to a standing posture; right hand off and up, left hand to the chest; eyes and head uplifted; weight of body on left foot.

"*Will lead me on.*"
Same as line two.

"*O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till*"
Transfer weight of body from right to left, as the movement is taken. Right hand makes a feather movement to the right, eyes following. On the words "crag and torrent" let the eyes wander to left, while arms are brought slowly to sides.

"*The night is gone,*"
Weight on left foot, left hand and arm raised even with shoulder, head and eyes uplifted to the front.

"*And with the morn those angel faces smile.*"
One step backward on left foot, arms encircle the head, loosely clasped above it; head and eyes uplifted; very intense facial expression.

"*Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.*"
Hold same position, transferring weight of body to right foot; then rise on tiptoes; very intense.

NURSERY RHYMES DRILL.

MARY L. GADDESS.

CHARACTERS.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.
MOTHER GOOSE,
MY PRETTY MAID.
JACK.
JILL.
FAIRY.
THREE FIDDLERS.
OLD KING COLE.
TWO ATTENDANTS.
THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.
BEAUTY.
BEAST.
ROBINSON CRUSOE.
FRIDAY.
BLUEBEARD.
FATIMA.
CINDERELLA.
PRINCE.
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.
OLD MOTHER HUBBARD AND DOG.
WHITTINGHAM AND CAT.
OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.
And 20 children (very small).
LITTLE BOPEEP.

Little Boy Blue enters alone, blowing his horn. He wears black velvet knickerbockers with blue rosettes on the knees, blue stockings, black shoes with blue rosettes, blue cloak buttoning on one side and bordered with gold braid, deep lace cuffs falling over hands, large lace collar and a plumed hat.

Then Mother Goose enters, wearing a short black skirt, red overskirt tucked up in a bunch under a long red waist laced with yellow, and a sugar-loaf hat. She carries a cane with a handle across the top.

My Pretty Maid comes next in a short, colored petticoat, open tunic of blue flowered chintz, pointed bodice laced

across the front, muslin kerchief, and a big straw hat tied under chin.

Jack and Jill follow her. He is a country lad in long boots, old long coat, felt hat, and carries a pail. Jill is in flowered cotton dress quite short, small shawl over shoulders, sunbonnet, and also carries a large pail. They walk side by side as they enter.

Mother Goose goes up to a stand that has been placed on one side of the platform, and stands there. A Fairy, with long, light, flowing curls dances in, and with the long, flowered wand that she carries touches each one as he approaches Mother Goose and tells his name aloud. She wears a very short white tarletan dress spangled with gold, a tiny gilt crown, and white satin slippers.

The Three Fiddlers are dressed in old uniforms. Any old long coats can be used, trimmed with red, white and blue paper; tall hats with plumes. They need not play, but must seem to do so with a board and stick.

Old King Cole wears a long turkey-red cloth robe, trimmed with ermine made of cotton flannel with inked spots, a gilt crown, and carries a big bowl in one hand and a long pipe in the other. He marches in, or, if preferred, may be rolled in on a large chair, with his Three Fiddlers beside him.

The Three Wise Men of Gotham then enter in long black robes and flowing beards. They carry telescopes and books, and stalk in very slowly.

Beauty and the Beast follow the preceding group. She is in white satin, and is escorted by a fairy prince, beautifully dressed. The Beast is a boy covered with a fur robe to look like a bear; Beauty leads him by a ribbon.

Robinson Crusoe, in a robe of skins and umbrella over head, is closely followed by a colored man for Friday, also dressed in furs, and carrying a gun.

Bluebeard now enters, followed by his wife Fatima. He is represented by a tall, stout man, wearing high boots, a red sash, long sword, red circular cloak, and a gay turban. He

has very long whiskers. Fatima is dressed in a bright-colored Dolly Varden calico, made loose, fastened at waist by a girdle. Her hair hangs loose. She has a bunch of keys in her hand, and walks on tiptoe as if creeping in.

Cinderella, who is the next person, is meanly clad in ragged clothes, with hair loosely hanging. The Prince is with her, elegantly dressed in black velvet knee-breeches and cap with white plume. He holds a small white satin slipper in his hand.

Little Red Riding Hood wears a short blue dress with five or six rows of scarlet braid on the waist, which is sewed to the skirt, short sleeves, white child's pinafore edged with lace, scarlet cloak with full hood over her head and a black bow in the front of it; she carries a basket of eggs.

After all these comes Old Mother Hubbard, who enters in a black dress, white apron and high cap; she is leading a dog by a string.

Whittingham, in velvet robes trimmed with ermine, carries his cat asleep in his arms.

The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe can be brought in on a large shoe put on wheels; or, if this is not feasible, she may walk. She is dressed in a short black skirt with figured calico overdress, white kerchief around neck and crossed in front, hair powdered, a long rod in her hand and hanging down her back a large shoe filled with dolls. About twenty small children should be hanging around her, and she must now and then shake her stick at them or attempt to punish one.

Little Bopeep comes tripping in, crook in hand, wearing a short, bright-colored dress, fancy lace apron, dainty slippers, and a rustic hat of straw. As she appears and her name is announced by the Fairy, all sing in unison:

"Little Bopeep has lost her sheep and don't know where to find them;
Let them alone and they'll come home and carry their tails behind them."

This is the signal for all to fall into line in the order in which they entered, and they march thus, led by Little Boy Blue, who occasionally blows his horn. They march around platform twice in twos, then at a signal change into single file. All sing "Little Boy Blue" and "Three Blind Mice" as they march. Any quick, bright march will do. After encircling the platform in single file, they go up centre by couples, the outside line separating from the inside line and coming together, thus forming a double circle. The inside line revolves to left; the outside line heads off, inside line following suit, forming a double line across centre of platform. Divide line in centre, each half forming a quadrant, and from this form a triangle. Centre four advance to middle of line, each line swings down forming the letter H. All then fall into double line and march around and out to music. This march or drill may be as elaborate or as simple as one wishes.

A DELSARTE ENTERTAINMENT.

THE following is a novel and very pretty idea for a Delsarte entertainment intended especially for small children. The idea embodied is the applicability of Delsarte poses to children's songs and games.

The little wondering minds of children sometimes ask: "Where do the flowers go?" We can not shock the tender hearts by saying: "They die." The child's love of life is so strong—nothing dies with him—why not tell a deeper truth, and say: "They go to sleep." He understands this, for he himself gets sleepy and goes to sleep. As spring approaches, the children watch for the flowers to wake up, and the great facts of death and resurrection are put into the child's play and he is led to understand, through feeling, what the mind can not comprehend.

To illustrate the practical application of this idea, the following beautiful poem touching on the life and the death of the flowers was selected:

The Flowers' Sleep.

ANNIE MOORE.

The wee flowers are nodding; so sleepy they grow,
They put on their night-caps, to dreamland they go;
Their play-time is ended, for summer is o'er;
They'll sleep 'neath the snowflakes till spring comes once more.

The little flowers come from the ground, at Easter time, at Easter time;
They raise their heads and look around, at happy Easter time.
And every little bud doth say: "Be glad and full of joy to-day,
For all that sleeps shall wake again, and spend a long, glad Easter day."

Then waken, sleeping butterflies, at Easter time, at Easter time,
And spread your golden wings and rise, at happy Easter time
And these bright creatures seem to say: "Be glad and full of joy to-day,
For all that sleeps shall wake again, and spend a long, glad Easter day."

The happy birds come back again, at Easter time, at Easter time;
The little streams awake and sing, at happy Easter time.
And birds and streams together say: "Be glad and full of joy to-day,
For all that sleeps shall wake again, and spend a long, glad Easter day."

This poem may be sung by a vocalist, but is equally effect-

ive if simply recited, without any attempt at display. The reader or the singer should subordinate himself to the pantomime-work of the children.

To carry out the idea, the children should be dressed in Greek costumes of subdued tints, as a soft, dull green, russet brown, etc., to represent spring and autumn.

Delsarte poisings represent the "nodding flowers;" rhythmical arm-movements putting on the "night-caps;" while the body gradually relaxes into prostrate kneeling position for the sleeping flowers. To indicate the flowers' awakening, the body is raised slowly to an upright kneeling position, with the arms covered above the head for stems and the half-closed hands for flowers.

After the first verse, while several sympathetic chords are played, the head and the torso come slowly down to the knees again, this time for the cocoon, and thus remain while the pianist merges the minor chords of fall into the lighter ones of spring. Then the third verse calls the butterflies, and rhythmically they unfold and stand, with the usual arm-movements for butterflies' wings. Remaining in one position, a gentle spring on the balls of the feet, together with slight poising, will give lightness and gentle motion. The usual bird and stream movements follow. All the moves from beginning to end are merged, the whole presenting a harmony corresponding to the thoughts of the poem.

While this description is hardly more than an outline, it is very suggestive, and the versatile teacher will have no difficulty in filling out the pantomime-work. The idea of making the Delsarte system the vehicle of presenting and explaining the great problems of existence to children is a beautiful one, and one thoroughly in accord with the plan of the system. There are many poems that may be costumed and given in a manner similar to the one printed here; and if, in the preparing, a deeper meaning is not discovered, for the adult as well as for the child, either the poet has failed in his work, or the adult mind has become dulled to the beauties of life.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

JOHN FORD.

HAVE a miniature stage made, standing on four legs, on the front of which have a frame fixed, measuring about eighteen inches deep. The opening of the frame should be nine by seven feet, and the bottom of the frame two feet from the ground. The floor of the stage should be level with the bottom of the frame, and five feet deep. Cover in the side of the stage with light blue art-muslin, and have two scenes to roll up and down, one a forest scene and the other representing the interior of a house. Fix inside the frame a bar of iron, on which hang a curtain to open in the centre, and have curtains hung from each side of the frame, the effect being that the picture or tableau shown seems to hang on the curtain. The back of the stage should be semicircular, and widest in front, to give a full view to the audience. The corners behind, next the wall, are used as dressing-rooms when the stage is the full width of the room. Take great care not to crowd too many children into a picture, not more than three in each. The dresses suited to each picture may be made up from art-muslin and sateens. Select a piece of music to be sung or played, as each picture is shown, a few bars being played before drawing the curtain.

Children should be cautioned not to hold their breath when before the audience, but should press the lips lightly together, and breathe through the nose. I have seen a girl faint through holding the breath too long. Intersperse the pictures with songs and dances by other children while the tableau children are preparing each picture. Each child must be dressed in the same material. Each picture takes two minutes to show. The following is the description of them:

1. *The Little Gleaners.* Three little girls (all fair) in sun hats. Straw scattered about. One girl in centre sitting

down, with handful of corn. One girl on right with small hay rake. One girl on left with apron full of straw.

2. *Joan of Arc.* Tall dark girl with long, black, loose hair. Dressed in long white robe, with faggots piled round, holding a black crucifix in hand. Song: "The Marseillaise."

3. *Crowning the Victor.* Girl standing in centre with crown of laurel, crowning a girl who is kneeling at her right. Another girl, kneeling at the left, grasping her arm. Song: "See the conquering hero."

4. *Little Red Riding Hood.* A fair girl with golden hair, with hood, a basket on arm, in the act of walking across the forest. Music, piano gavotte.

5. *Charity.* Girl with head resting on stone, with old cloak thrown around her. Another girl, richly dressed, standing over her. Encore picture: Lady in the act of raising her.

6. *Waiting.* A wooden, barred gate. Young girl with letter in hand; right foot on first bar and elbow leaning on gate.

7. *Jack's Come Home To-day.* A table with white cloth, two cups and saucers, teapot, two chairs. On the right, a lad dressed in sailor's clothes, with bundle and stick over shoulder; hat in hand, just entering door. On the left a girl dressed in long frock, as wife, with arms extended. Small child holding mother's frock. Song: "They all love Jack." Encore picture: Jack and wife sitting at table with cups raised, in the act of drinking tea. Child sitting on floor, with father's cap on, and biscuit in hand.

8. *Dick Whittington.* A lad with stick and bundle over shoulder. Small child, in cat's skin, walking behind. The gate used in "Waiting" can also be used in this picture.

9. *Gipsy Encampment.* Three ash sticks tied at top, with old kettle or pan hanging from centre, with brushwood underneath. Three girls (all dark) dressed as gipsies, with colored handkerchiefs on heads and on shoulders. One sitting on a log near the fire, holding hands as if warming them.

Two others, sitting with cards in hand in the act of playing. Song: "The Gipsy's Life."

10. *The Three Graces.* Three girls in art-muslin, red, white, and blue. White in centre with red and blue leaning on either side.

11. *For America.* An American flag stretched out as a background. One girl dressed as Columbia in centre. Two lads dressed as sailors with guns and fixed bayonets in the act of charging. Song: "Star-Spangled Banner," "The Red, White and Blue," or some other stirring patriotic song.

12. *Good Night.* A young girl, with lighted candle in hand. Song: "Home, Sweet Home."

RAINBOW DRILL.

C. H. SHERMAN.

CHARACTERS:

No. 1, MARIGOLD (orange).
No. 2, ASPARAGUS (green).
No. 3, CLEMATIS (indigo).
No. 4, VIOLET (violet).
No. 5, FORGET-ME-NOT (blue).
No. 6, BUTTERCUP (yellow).
No. 7, JACQUEMINOT ROSE (red).

The drill requires one large girl to recite the poem and seven little girls, varying in size, 1 and 7 being the same size and taller than 2 and 6, who, in turn, should be taller than 3 and 5, while 4 should be the smallest of all. This makes the bow shape when the children march on the stage and face the audience.

Each child should wear the flower she represents, either having her dress trimmed with it and a crown, or wearing a bunch on her left shoulder. Each one must also have a cheese-cloth sash, four yards long, to match her flower in color.

Any good march may be used. The music should not cease throughout the drill. During the recitation it should be played very softly.

NOTE: Any number of girls can be used in this drill, provided they go through the evolutions in groups of seven.

DRILL.

Girls march in, single file, with sash wrapped around waist, but not tied, and holding the ends at arm's length, hands about two feet apart, forming a bow with arms and sash ends. March around stage four times, then halt in the centre and form a semicircle facing audience. Drop arms and stand still while girl in the wings recites:

The Violet's Victory.

DIXIE WOLCOTT.

The flowers were nodding and tossing, one day,
At the news of a bright butterfly,
Who told them that they would be placed in a bow,
And set in God's glorious sky.

The Clematis, haughtily tossing her head
As she scattered the crystal dew,
Declared she'd be first and loftily said:
"I am nearest the royal hue!"

One tiny flower appeared far too shy,
To long for a bolder lot,
But even she raised her pale face to her God,
And whispered, "Forget *me* not."

As the leaves cast their tremulous shadows down
Over the soft, velvet slope,
They murmured: "We'll surely precede the flowers,
For green is the emblem of hope."

"*I* shall be first," said the bright Buttercup,
As she slowly began to unfold,
"For each yellow petal that forms my cup
Is made of the purest gold."

The Marigold turned on her slender stem,
And marred her fair face with a frown,

As she said that her costume was richer far
Than the Buttercup's golden gown.

The beautiful Rose, in her mantle of red,
Exclaimed in a stately way:
"Know ye not that the place is reserved for your queen,
Who governs you all 'neath her sway?"

But one little flower as modest as fair
Had uttered nor word nor sound,
But tried to make peace in her own gentle way,
By shedding sweet fragrance around.

The Creator stooped down from His throne upon high
To the quarrelsome blossoms below,
And silently, tenderly, lovingly, placed
The Violet first in His bow.

As the poem is being recited, each girl, as her name is mentioned, unwraps her sash and passes one end of it along the line, so that all the girls may hold it in the right hand, being careful to keep the colors in place so that the rainbow hues may be seen in order.

While the last verse of the poem is being recited 4 (violet) steps to the front of the stage and the girls on her right change hands holding the sashes in left hands. All fall in two and two, 4 leading and holding sashes in both hands, followed by 3 and 5, 2 and 6, and 1 and 7.

All march four times around the stage. The last time around, as they reach the front of the stage 1, 2, 3, and 4 stand nearly still, marking time with their feet, while 5, 6, and 7 take very long steps, and all fall in a straight line and march four times around the stage, being careful to retain the straight line while turning corners.

All form in a straight line at the back of the stage and advance and retreat four times.

4 stands still at the back of the stage, 1, 2, 3 and 5, 6, 7, advance in two lines toward front of stage, leaving ends of

sashes in the hands of 4 (the ends between the girls) position thus:

4

*

3 * * 5
2 * * 6
1 * * 7

The lines to the right of 4 change places with the lines to the left of 4, passing under the sashes to do so.

Return to first position.

Repeat four times.

4 comes up the middle. All the others fall in behind in couples. They march around the stage four times, holding sashes at arms' length above heads, and then march off stage.

The drill can be repeated from the beginning if a longer drill is desired, and it will be very effective.

SANTA CLAUS'S RECEPTION.

JEAN HALIFAX.

[By permission of the *Journal of Education*.]

CHARACTERS:

THIRTY-FOUR CHILDREN—19 boys and 14 girls, of various sizes.
SANTA CLAUS (boy).
EGYPT and GERMANY (2 boys).
GIPSIES (6 boys and 6 girls).
FRANCE and BELGIUM (2 small girls).
DUTCH GIRL.
ENGLAND and GERMANY (2 boys).
SIX CHILDREN WITH YULE LOG (4 boys and 2 girls).
ENGLISH BUTLER (boy).
SERVANT WITH PLUM PUDDING (girl).
CHRISTMAS WAITS (3 boys and 3 girls).

All are dressed in the costumes of their respective countries. For correct costumes consult geographies, missionary papers, cyclopædias, etc.

DIRECTIONS:

When the curtain is drawn a fireplace is revealed, above which are hung stockings of various sizes. Near the back of the stage is a curtain extending from end to end; this is to represent one side of a room. In the middle of this room is a fireplace. Set on end a large, deep box, the front and the upper end having been taken off. Line this "fireplace" with something black—smoke-stained paper or cloth. Take care to have a solid place—if you put in andirons and wood—for SANTA CLAUS to step down upon. Nail a board on the front edge of the box, and drape as for a mantelpiece. When the back curtain has been fastened in place for the wall, cut in the middle a hole large enough to accommodate the fireplace, and then the open, upper end of the box, behind the curtain, is all ready for SANTA CLAUS to step through; let someone steady the box while SANTA CLAUS climbs up on a chair behind the box, then steps down through the top. This mode of entrance is not necessary, but little ones are never tired of seeing SANTA CLAUS come down the chimney. At one end of the stage have ready a pedestal on which to set the tree. For it, cover a box with a red table-spread or a green piano-cover. At the opposite end of the stage place a dining-table, ready for the Christmas dinner.

The curtains in front are drawn, SANTA CLAUS comes down the chimney and out on the stage, shaking off a few snowflakes (bits of cotton), and adjusting more securely his pack. His costume is a big fur overcoat, sprinkled with snowflakes, a red sash or scarf wound around his waist, another about his neck, a fur cap, long white hair and beard (white cotton will answer), large trousers tucked into rubber boots, a pack on his back. He should have a voice that can ring through the house.

DRILL.

SANTA. I have come from the land of ice and snow,
For to-morrow is Christmas day, you know.
Other bands are sending a delegate
Who will help our country to celebrate,
And they promised to meet me here to-night,
But [*peering round*] I don't see anyone yet in sight.

You see [*dropping into easy, conversational tone*], our Christmas is rather cosmopolitan in its origin—it certainly is the right kind of a Christmas for such a cosmopolitan people. It seems that we are indebted to various nations for our Christmas customs, and to-night I am expecting some of their representatives to—ah, here they come!

[*Enter from left* EGYPT *and* GERMANY, *bearing between them a Christmas tree, its base fastened firmly in a red or green tub. The tree is decorated with festoons of pop-corn, and, if the teacher intends to distribute anything among the children, little stockings full of pop-corn and candy. Make the stockings of pink and white mosquito netting, sewing the seams with different colored worsted. If the teacher does not wish to do this, the tree can be made gay with cards, pop-corn strings, gilt stars, etc., and a few bright-covered paper books.*]

EGYPT AND GERMANY. Together we bring in the Christmas tree,
Since, as to its home, we can not agree.

EGYPT. I claim that its roots sprung from old Egypt's sand.

GER. I think that it grew in my own Fatherland.

[EGYPT *and* GERMANY *place tree on pedestal and wait near it.*]

SANTA. I have heard that the Romans claimed the Christmas tree, and others tell me that it comes from Asia; that even to this day, on festive occasions, they hang their offerings on trees which they stick into the ground. Wherever it comes from, we're glad to welcome the Christmas tree. [*Bows toward it.*]

[*Enter a band of gipsies in gay gipsy dress, with hair flying beneath a scarlet handkerchief loosely knotted around the head. You may have as many gipsy girls and boys as you wish. They all carry wreaths, festoons, and clusters of pine, ivy, holly, and mistletoe. If the last two are unobtainable, an artificial article will do. For the holly, arrange in tiny clusters of threes and fives dried peas colored red, or wrapped in red tissue-paper. Make the leaves of dark, glossy green paper, and line with a lighter color. Put between the two, before they are pasted together, a wire stem. Pinch between the thumb and finger while they are damp from the paste, and you can imitate the veining. Make the mistletoe of wire, paper, and little pearls or white beads of some kind.*]

GIPSIES [*singing, tune: "Granite State"*].
We're a band of roving gipsies,
But we know what Christmas means,
And we bring you as our offering
"Merrie England's" Yule-tide greens.

[*They proceed to decorate stage with the festoons, etc. Some put holly clusters by the plates on the table, others twine festoons around the pedestal of the tree, etc. While they are busy decorating, one of the gipsies speaks.*]

FIRST GIPSY. There is an old legend among us gipsies, which says that the holly, the ivy and the pine-tree would not reveal the place where our Saviour was hiding. As a reward for their fidelity, they do not die in the winter, but keep always green. The wicked ash and oak told, and now they have to lose their leaves in winter and look dead. And we gipsy folks on our great days burn an ash fire, remembering this legend.

SANTA. I have heard that we get our custom of decorating churches from a religious observance of the heathen They used to hang around their homes holly and greens as a shelter for fairy folks and spirits of the woods.

[*Enter two peasants representing* FRANCE *and* BELGIUM, *bearing between them a huge stocking, well stuffed—with cotton, if the children are very small and their burden needs to be light.*]

FRANCE AND BELGIUM. The best part of Christmas, we believe,
Is hanging your stocking Christmas eve!

[*They pass to fireplace and hang up stocking. A little Dutch girl trips in with her shoe in her hand, and smiles brightly toward* FRANCE *and* BELGIUM.]

DUTCH GIRL. And I bring you my little Christmas shoe,
To show what the children in Holland do.

I'm a little Dutch girl from over the sea,
In Holland I live, by the Zuyder Zee.
You hang up your stocking, we put out our shoe,
And Santa Claus always knows just what to do.
If during the year we've been loving and kind,
A shoe full of presents on Christmas we'll find;
But if we've been naughty—you'd better take warning!
There's an empty shoe for us on Christmas morning!

SANTA [*nodding at little Dutch maid*]. I come from Holland myself, little Katrina. I mean to remember you!

[*Enter* ENGLAND *and* GERMANY, *bearing between them a huge Christmas card, twined with holly and greens. A lap-board or a screen or a frame merely covered with light cloth and with "Merry Christmas" painted on it in very large, fancy lettering will do for the card. It is prettier if someone will paint some Christmas design around the lettering. If this is not possible, tiny sprays of holly, glued or pinned on, will brighten the card. At any rate, let it be framed with holly and evergreen.*]

SANTA. Ah, a merry Christmas to you, too, England and Germany. We owe a great deal of Christmas cheer to both of you. [*To audience.*] It is hard to decide to whom the honor of originating the Christmas card is due, although it is quite a recent innovation, for the oldest card I ever heard of is only fifty years old. That one was brought out in London in 1846, and some think that the custom of card-giving came from Germany. I expect that some of you here can remember your first Christmas card. I mean to ask some of you grandfathers and grandmothers to compare notes with me. I'll tell you in what year I saw the first Christmas card, and you must tell me when you became acquainted with them. Perhaps you had one of the first ones printed!

[*While* SANTA *is talking,* ENGLAND *and* GERMANY *hang up in some conspicuous place on the wall the great Christmas card, and take their stand below it. Shouting and cheers are heard outside behind the back curtain.*]

SANTA [*throwing open the door*]. Ah! here comes the Yule log!

[*In come children, dragging the Christmas log twined with evergreens, a real log, with ropes attached so the youngsters can drag it easily, though they should appear to find it very heavy.* SANTA *assists in putting it in the fireplace, while all the children gather around it. A red light burned, to make the log seem really on fire, adds to the scene.*]

SANTA [*to audience*]. Now doesn't that look like a genuine Christmas in merry old England! For the Britons gave us the Yule log, you know. Yule means a feast, a holiday, and the custom was handed down to them by their Scandinavian ancestors, who used to light immense bonfires in olden times in honor of Thor, at the feast of the winter solstice. In the middle ages, the people used to keep what was left of the Christmas log to start the fire for the next Yule-tide. There were many stories connected with the Yule log. One tradition was that if a flat-footed woman or a squinting man or woman was allowed to enter the house while the log was burning, bad luck would be sure to follow. But we only laugh at such foolish superstitions and keep the best of the old customs. There was a great deal of ceremony about the bringing in of the Yule log, but we can not observe it to-night, as it is so near dinner-time. [*The door opens.*] Ah, here comes our good old English Christmas pudding, and——

[*He stops to step forward and assist the gray-haired, fat butler* (*pad the boy who takes this part, to make him sufficiently portly for his position*) *who is coming in with the boar's head on a big platter, and behind the butler is a servant with the plum pudding. The boar's head is made of stuffed cotton. The pudding can be made of a loaf of graham bread. Stick a spray of holly, or a bit of evergreen with a few bright berries in the top; pour a little brandy or alcohol around the edge of the dish, and bring in the pudding with the tiny flames leaping around it. Just as the dishes are placed on the table, a sound of singing is heard in the distance.*]

SANTA. Hark! That must be the Christmas Waits!

[*Throw up a window at the end of the stage. If the night is too cold, simulate one on the wall. The singers are concealed behind the back curtain, but the sound seems to come from below the window.* SANTA *stands in a listening attitude, one hand uplifted, hushing the stir of excitement occasioned by the entrance of the Christmas dishes.*]

SINGERS [*outside*]. "God rest ye, merrie gentlemen,
May nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas day.

[*This familiar old carol may be followed by others, if there is time for them; for the soft, seemingly distant caroling can be made quite effective. As the singing ceases,* SANTA *turns to the children gathered round, and they join in some Christmas song or carol like the following, from the Cook collection.*]

CHILDREN. "The Christmas bells in many a clime,
Their joyous peals are ringing,
And sweet in cot and palace chime
The children's voices singing.
We catch the strain with sweet refrain
The children sing before us,
And join with song, with heart and tongue,
The holy Christmas chorus.

"We bless His birth, who came to earth,
And in His cradle lowly
Received the earliest Christmas gifts—
The Christchild pure and holy.
To Him we raise our thanks and praise
For all the love He bore us;
For His dear sake our hymn we make,
And swell the Christmas chorus."

[*Curtain closes or presents are distributed.*]

DELSARTIAN PHYSICAL DRILL.

LIZZIE WHITE.

For five girls, six to eight years old, who have had daily drill in decomposing exercises, feather movements and simple posing, for six months.

Costumes made of cream-colored cheese-cloth gathered at the neck and falling in straight folds to the floor; only the upper portion is lined to keep the body and sleeves together. The cheese-cloth is cut six inches longer than will reach the floor and a blue ribbon is tied about the body high up under the arms, the dress in front being pulled up through the ribbon to just walking-length. A tiny train is thus left behind.

The hair may be left flowing and tied with blue bows or it can be done up high on the head and ornamented with pointed bows of blue ribbon.

Time taken is from six to ten minutes.

Music is in 4-4 or common time.

Variety is secured by alternating the feather movements with poses.

The teacher should stand at one side, out of sight, and give commands.

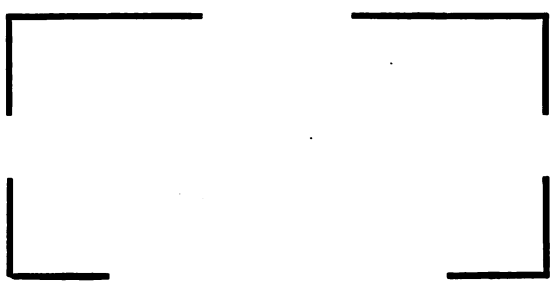
DRILL.

Position of children, outside back entrance of stage:

(4) + + (5)

(2) + + (3)

(1) +



Stage-Front

Mark time, eight beats.

At signal children march in from back of stage to centre. Leader stands still in centre of stage, No. 2 goes to Leader's right, No. 3 to Leader's left, No. 4 to Leader's right, and No. 5 to Leader's left. All stand one foot apart in a straight line, facing audience.

At signal children join hands, raising them to height of shoulders, arms slightly curved; rest four beats; mark time four beats.

Signal: Forward to front of stage; rest four beats.

Hands.—Decompose hands, hold in front near chest, shake quickly; four beats.

Head.—Deenergize head, drop head on chest, four beats; roll head slowly to the right, four beats; roll head slowly to the back, four beats; roll head slowly to the left, four beats; recover and hold head erect, four beats.

Torso.—Let head, chest, and arms fall lifeless in front, four beats; roll to the right, four beats; roll to the back, four beats; roll to the left, four beats; slowly recover to vertical position, four beats.

Repeat three times.

Arms.—Raise arms in front, highest position without stretching, hands hanging loosely from wrists, four beats; sink wrists and bring arms down, fingers pointing upward, four beats.

Repeat three times.

Pose.—On bringing arms down, the last time, bend body downward, hands with palms down, pose in the Attitude of Pity, eight beats.

Extend arms sideways, wrists leading out, fingers together, pointing, on a level with the upper chest, four beats. Wrists leading, bring hands together again, four beats.

Repeat three times.

Pose.—When hands are together the third time, hold them in the Attitude of Prayer; pose head with eyes looking up, four beats.

Move arms diagonally, right up and left down, hold four beats. Bring arms back to position, hold four beats.

Repeat three times.

Pose.—When arms are extended the third time, assume the Attitude of Looking by swaying weight on right foot, and bending forward. Shade eyes with right hand and hold left hand back, with palm down, four beats.

Move arms diagonally, left hand up and right hand down, hold four beats.

Repeat three times.

Pose.—When arms are extended the third time, take the Attitude of Listening by bending body to the left, weight on left foot, left hand to ear, eyes right, right hand back with palm down, four beats.

Extend arms sideways, wrists leading out, fingers together pointing, on a level with upper chest, four beats. Wrists leading out, bring hands together again, four beats.

Repeat three times.

Pose.—When hands are together the third time, hold them in the Attitude of Prayer; pose head with eyes looking down, four beats.

Bring hands out sidewise in feather movement and put right foot back, four beats.

Pose.—Bring wrists together slowly, sink on right knee, take the Attitude of Prayer, four beats.

Rise slowly, extend arms outward, four beats; extend arms downward, four beats; raise right arm from side, hand hanging, four beats.

Pose.—Raise right arm again and push palm outward; turn the head away, Attitude meaning "No;" hold four beats.

Drop arm; raise arm, bent elbow, to chest height, hand hanging, one beat.

Pose.—Turn palm up, Attitude of Salute, one beat. Turn hand backward, two beats; raise left arm, bent elbow, to chest height, hand hanging, one beat.

Pose.—Turn palm upward, Attitude of Salute, one beat. Turn hand backward, two beats. Repeat with both hands at the same time.

Back of hand up, one beat; sink wrist, one beat; wrist up, one beat; wrist down, one beat.

Pose.—Assume Attitude of Surprise, weight on back foot, hands in front, palms out, eyes and mouth wide open (imagine you see a big snake hanging from the ceiling), hold four beats.

Heels together, toes out, right hand at left shoulder, hands clenched, four beats.

Pose.—At "Change!" slide right foot to the right, extend right arm sideways, fingers pointing right, left arm left, head turned left, Attitude of Fright, four beats.

Pose.—First girl faces second girl, with right forefinger raised in the Attitude of Admonishing; second girl puts right forefinger at the corner of mouth, head sideways, Attitude of Pouting; third and fourth girls do the same as first and second girls; fifth girl puts arms akimbo and observes the two groups; hold eight beats.

Pose.—At "Change!" first girl faces front, puts right hand to chin, left hand supports right elbow; second girl steps behind first girl and leans around to first girl's right, with hand on first girl's arm, looks into first girl's face, Attitude of Questioning; third and fourth girls do the same; fifth girl puts arms akimbo and looks amusedly at the two groups; hold eight beats.

Pose.—All take places and cover faces with hands, Attitude Ashamed; hold four beats.

Join hands, form a ring, skip around, four beats.

Pose.—Separate, first and fifth girl kneel facing each other; third girl stands half-way between the two kneeling girls, one foot back from their line of position; second and fourth girls stand with heads leaning on third girl's shoulders, outside arms resting on third girl's shoulders;

first, third and fifth girls have hands together and pointing up, Attitude of Prayer; all eyes closed.

Return to place. Put right foot back, one beat; bring left foot to and in front of right foot, one beat; put right foot back, one beat; bring left foot to and in front of right foot, one beat. Continue this movement until back of stage is reached.

Rest, four beats.

Come forward with the Oxford minuet as far as the final bow of the first part, then file off the stage, fifth girl first.

Selections for Children.

"WR" means "Werner's Readings & Recitations" (35c. in paper; 60c. in cloth), the figures indicating the number of the serial.

NOTE.—Each of these books contains about 200 pages of the best and newest material for recitations, declamations, orations, entertainments, monologues, pantomimes, drills, etc. The pieces here mentioned are but a few of those contained in these books.

Average Boy, The. Pauline Phelps. WR21. Humorous verse. An up-to-date youngster declares country delights are not "in it" with the pleasures of a vaudeville show which he describes.

Baby's Correspondence. Alice P. Carter. WR4. Verse. A seven-weeks' older gives some timely advice to a twelve-days'-old relative. Cute.

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Bee's Sermon. WR6. Verse. Words of advice on proper living supposed to be spoken by a clever young bee. Suitable recitation for a child.

Billy's Pets. WR3. Humorous prose. Boy tells all about his various pets.

Boy's Composition on Bones. WR3. Humorous prose. (Included in "My First School.") Boy learnedly and with great unction discourses concerning his bones.

Boy's Composition on Breathing. WR6. Prose. A brief humorous description of the way we breathe.

Boy's Composition on Physiology, A. WR4. Prose. Boy's brief humorous description of the parts of a man.

Boy's Composition on Washington, A. WR7. Short prose. Boy's humorous story of George Washington.

Boy's King, A. S. E. Kiser. WR24. Humorous verse with pathetic touch. Little boy confesses with pride his estimate of his father.

Boy's Mercy, A. Bessie G. Hart. WR2. Verse. A boy boasts how he rescues a bug from drowning and then cuts it in two with his knife.

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Dimes for Turnips' Blood. WR23. Humorous verse. Small boy recounts his successful wheedling of his grandmamma.

Discontent. Sarah C. Jewett. WR15. Dialogue between a robin and a buttercup who wishes to be a daisy. Suitable for Bird Day.

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Granny. J. W. Riley. WR15. Poem. Child tells what a good time everyone has when grandma comes visiting.

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Iry and Billy and Joe. J. W. Riley. WR23. Humorous verse. Boy tells how the ownership of a dog was settled.

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Little Lady Bird, The. C. A. Southey. WR12. Verse. Every stanza begins "Lady Bird, Lady Bird, fly away home."

Little Mabel at Long Branch. WR21. Pathetic humorous prose. A little child, neglected by her mamma, tells quaintly of her Long Branch life.

Little Orator, The. Thaddeus Harris. WR5. Verse. Written for and recited by Edward Everett in his childhood.

Long ago. Libbie C. Baer. WR6. Verse. "On her lap Gran'ma did hol' me long ago, long, long ago."

Muzzer's Children. J. Otis. WR15. Dialect poem. "My muzzer's almost crazy, her chil'ren are so bad."

My Aunt Maria. Elsie M. McCollum. WR12. Humorous child-dialect prose.

My Other Clo'es. WR14. Verse. A boy tells in humorous dialect of his Sunday clothes.

New Baby, The. C. M. Snyder. WR15. Dialect poem. "Somebody tum to us las' night."

No! WR6. Serious verse. A boy's reply when asked to do wrong.

Noth'n 't All. WR23. Short humorous verse. Small boy tells how he said "Noth'n 't all" when he "stumped" his toe, and got licked for saying it.

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Of the Child with the Bird at the Bush. Bunyan. WR7. Quaint old-style verse. Child tries to induce bird to be caged.

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Playing Entertainment. Anna Hopper. WR21. Humorous verse. Girl tells of good times after her work is done.

Reason, The. WR20. Humorous prose. Boy puzzles over his grandmother's statement that "Boys may whistle, but girls must sing."

Reason Why, The. M. E Bradley. WR15. Verse. A little girl at a party does not laugh when someone falls off a chair, "cause it was me that fell."

Receipt for a Racket, A. WR12. Short humorous verse. Boy shows that two boys are enough for a racket.

Repentance. WR15. Verse. Two little girls having taken sugar, become frightened. Child dialect.

Runaway, The. Riley. WR4. Verse. Child tells her runaway experiences.

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Temperance Alphabet. WR18. Verse. A modern arrangement of A. B. C. beginning "A stands for alcohol, deathlike its grip." Suitable recitation for a child.

Temperance Enlightening the World. Geo. L. Taylor. WR18. Extract from an address delivered on Bartholdi Day.

Tom Twist. WR20. Wonderful story of the strange adventures of Tom. Not child-dialect, but suitable for boy or girl.

Too Many Children, Pa? WR16. Overhearing his father complain of a large family and poverty, a little boy, at first, plans to be adopted, then dreading separation from his parents, decides to stay and help "fight the wolf."

Toot Makes a Match. Bessie G. Hart. WR20. Humorous prose. Little girl tells how her aggravating little sister brought about a much-desired wedding.

Two Orphans. Ben King. WR14. Pathetic dialect poem. Misused by their stepmother, two little boys take their mother's picture and run away.

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What a Boy Can Do. WR15. Verse. Boy tells some of the things a boy does to make everything lively.

What Grandma Says. Geo. Cooper. WR15. Verse. Child puzzles over old lady's account of the good old times.

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When Old Jack Died. Riley. WR6. Verse. Boy tells grief at death of a favorite dog, and fond memories of his life. Very pathetic.

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(Book is known also as "Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 31.")

N.B.—While this book is specially suitable for Hallowe'en, it contains much material good for any time of the year and for any occasion.

CONTENTS:

Recitations

At Candle Lightin' Time—P. L. Dunbar.
Courtin'.—J. R. Lowell.
Colored Dancing Match.—F. L. Stanton.
Don Squixet's Ghost.—Harry Bolingbroke.
Elf-Child.—J. W. Riley.
Enchanted Shirt.—John Hay.
Famous Ghosts.
Ghost Stories.—Flavia Rosser.
Ghoses.—J. D Carrothers.
Ghost of a Flower.
Hallowe'en (essay).—Stanley Schell.
Hallowe'en.
Hallowe'en.—Carrie Stern.
Hallowe'en.—L. F. W. Gillette.
Hallowe'en.—M. Cawein.
Hallowe'en Cheer.
His Father's Ghost.
Jimmy Butler and the Owl.
Miss Russel's Ghost.
Most Remarkable Vision.
My Ghost Story.
Omens.—Frank L. Stanton.
One Thing Needful.
Popping Corn.
Queen Mab.—Shakespeare.
Robin Goodfellow.—Ben Jonson.
Saved by a Ghost.
Seein' Things.—Eugene Field.
Speakin' Ghost.—S. S. Rice.
Sweet William's Ghost.
That Awful Ghost.
That Ghost.—Anna E. Dickinson.
Uncle Dan'l's Apparition.—Mark Twain and C. D. Warner.
When de Folks is Gone.—J. W. Riley.
Witch's Cavern.—Bulwer Lytton.
Wood Hants.—Anna V. Culbertson.

Entertainments

Clever Matchmakers (play).—Dance Program for Ghost Dance.—Directions for Serving Supper.—Fagot Ghost Stories.—Fortune Slips, Samples of.—Fortune Telling.—Fortune Telling with Dominoes.—Ghost Dance.—Ghost Stories.—Ghost Story Party—Ghostly Pantomimes.—Goblin Parade.—Hallowe'en Entertainment.—Hallowe'en Festivities' Decorations.—Hallowe'en German.—Hallowe'en Invitation Forms.—Hallowe'en Program.—Hallowe'en Supper.—Home Tests for Hallowe'en.—Lucky Charms.—Macbeth's Fortune (play)—March to Supper.—Menu (suggestive).—Order of Serving Refreshments.—Partners for Supper, Method of Securing.—Reception and Introduction of Guests.—Receipes for Hallowe'en.—Refreshments.—Samples of Conundrums for Hallowe'en.—Shadow Pantomimes (suggestive).—Spook March.—Supper.—Witch Costume.—Witches' Dance.—Your Lucky Birthday Jewel.

Recipes

Apples for Hallowe'en.—Chestnuts.—Chicken Salad Rolls.—Cider Flip.—Conundrum Nuts.—Fortune Balls.—Fortune Cake.—Fried Cakes.—Grape Pudding.—Hallowe'en Pie.—Melon Cream.—Orange Straws.—Pop-Corn Balls.—Salted Nut—Meats.—Syrup for Pop-Corn Balls.

Games

After-Supper Sports, Games, Mysteries.—Alphabet Game.—Apple Paring.—Apple Pip Test.—Apple Seeds.—Apple Seeds.—Apples and Flour.—Around the Walnut Tree.—Baby Show.—Barrel Hoop.—Blind Nut Seekers.—Bowls (Luggies).—Candle and Apple.—Cellar Stairs.—College Colors.—Combing Hair before Mirror.—Cupid's Time.—Cyniver.—Dough Test.—Dreamer.—Dry Bread.—Ducking for Apples.—Fagot Ghost Stories.—Feather Tests.—Four Saucers.—Game of Fate.—Games and Mysteries for Early Evening.—Guess Who.—Hallowe'en Souvenir Game.—Hiding Ring, Thimble and Penny.—Jumping Lighted Candle.—Launching Boats.—Lover's Test.—Magic Stairs.—Melting Lead.—Mirror.—Mirror and Apple.—Naming Bedposts.—Necklace.—Needle Game.—New Friends.—Peanut or Bean Hunt.—Perplexing Hunt.—Pulling Kale.—Pumpkin Alphabet.—Raisin Race.—Ring and Goblet.—Secret Test.—Snapdragon.—Supper Games.—Threading a Needle.—To Test Friends.—Touchstone.—Two Roses.—Walnut Boats.—Water Experiment.—Where Dwells My Lover.—Winding Yarn.—Winnowing Corn.—Wood and Water.—Your Lucky Sticks.

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By STANLEY SCHELL.

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Thanksgiving.
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Home Thanksgiving.
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key Gobbler.
Things A-Purpose to be Et."
ıck-o'-Lanterns.
hanksgiving.
ɪsgiving.
ick's Got a Pain."
Thanksgiving Visit.
ore Thanksgiving.
e Gratitude.
s Thanksgiving Proclamation.
Pumpkin Pie.
Reasons for Thanks.
Scripture Readings.
Signs of the Times.
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Thanksgiving Dinner.
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Tit for Tat.
Tommybob's Thanksgiving Vision.
Tommy's Dinner.
Tommy's Thanksgiving.
Turkey of Life.
What Makes Thanksgiving Day.
Where the Mince Pie Grows.
Why?
Witch's Daughter.

Entertainments in the Book

nn of 1622 (historical exercise, 6 children)—Brownie Drill and Song (6 children)—Dumb- (6 children)—Feast Time of the Year (exercise, 5 children)—For the Jolly Jack-o'-Lan- ion song for 3 boys, 3 girls)—Joseph's Story (entertainment, 2 boys, 2 girls, and 4 small -Mayflower (acrostic, 9 children)—Pantomime of Witch's Daughter (1m, 1f, with reader ıd several supes)—Pumpkin-Pie (acrostic, 10 children)—Pumpkin-Pie Makers (entertain- number)—Spellers (acrostic, 10 children)—Story of a Seed (entertainment, 5 children) iving (acrostic, 12 children)—Thanksgiving Day (acrostic, 12 children or 1 child)—Thanks- sson (play, 4 girls)—Three Little Cooks (entertainment, 3 girls)—Thanksgiving Enter- (pictures, past and present of Thanksgiving Day)—Thanksgiving Entertainment (pictures ecitations, essay, proclamation, exercises, etc., history of Thanksgiving, from beginning sent)—Thanksgiving Entertainment for Primary Grades (consists of acrostics, songs, reci- xercises, motion song, concert recitation, quotations)—Thanksgiving Program (consists dialogue, drill, pantomime, recitations)—Thanksgiving, Then and Now (play, 2m, 2f)— ing Toasts—What Each is Thankful For (exercise, 2 boys, 5 girls).

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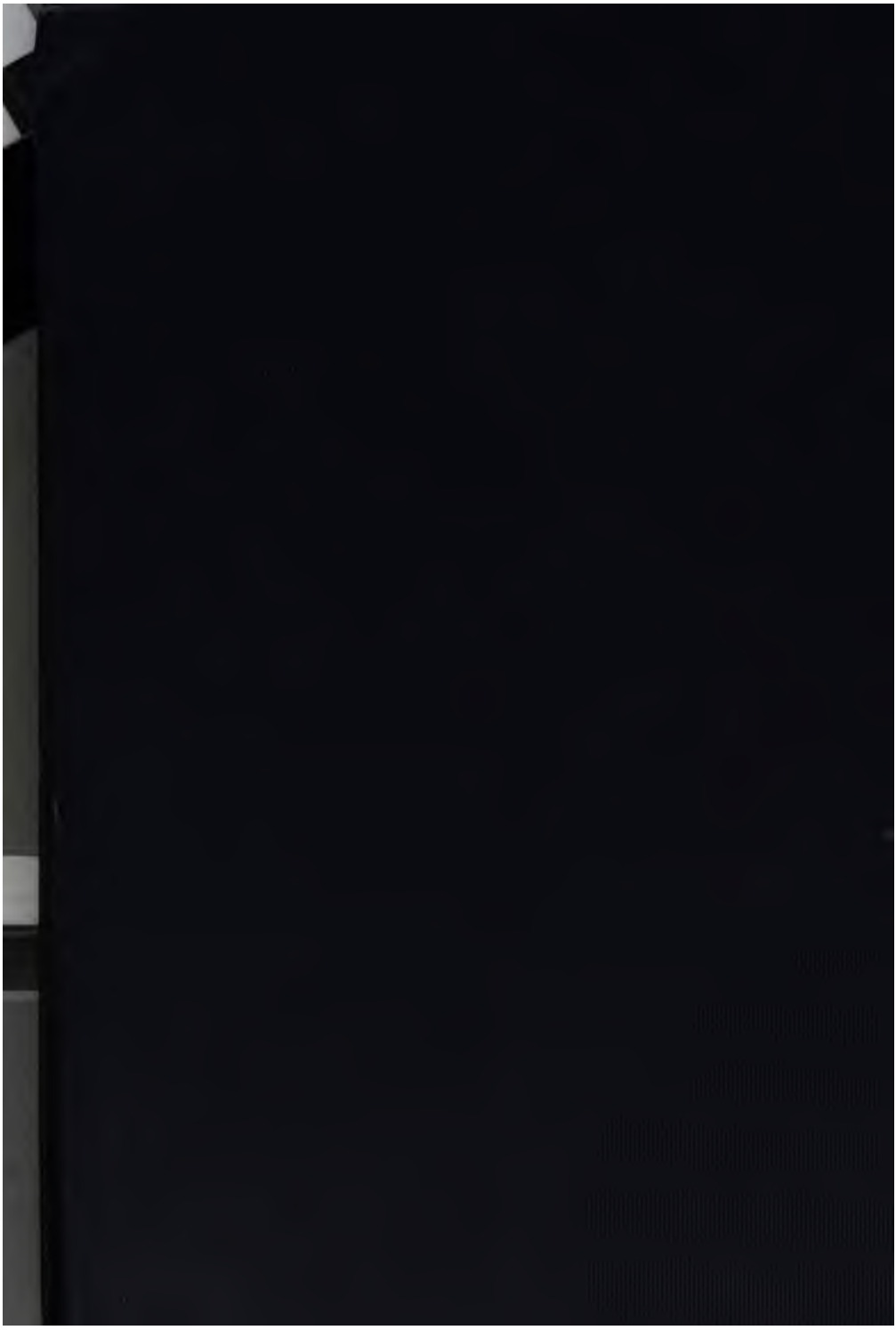
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